THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1926

Our Imperfect Bodies

BY

SIR ARTHUR KEITH

Marshal Lyautey

Queen Alexandra

BY

SIR HALL CAINE

The Newspapers of Paris

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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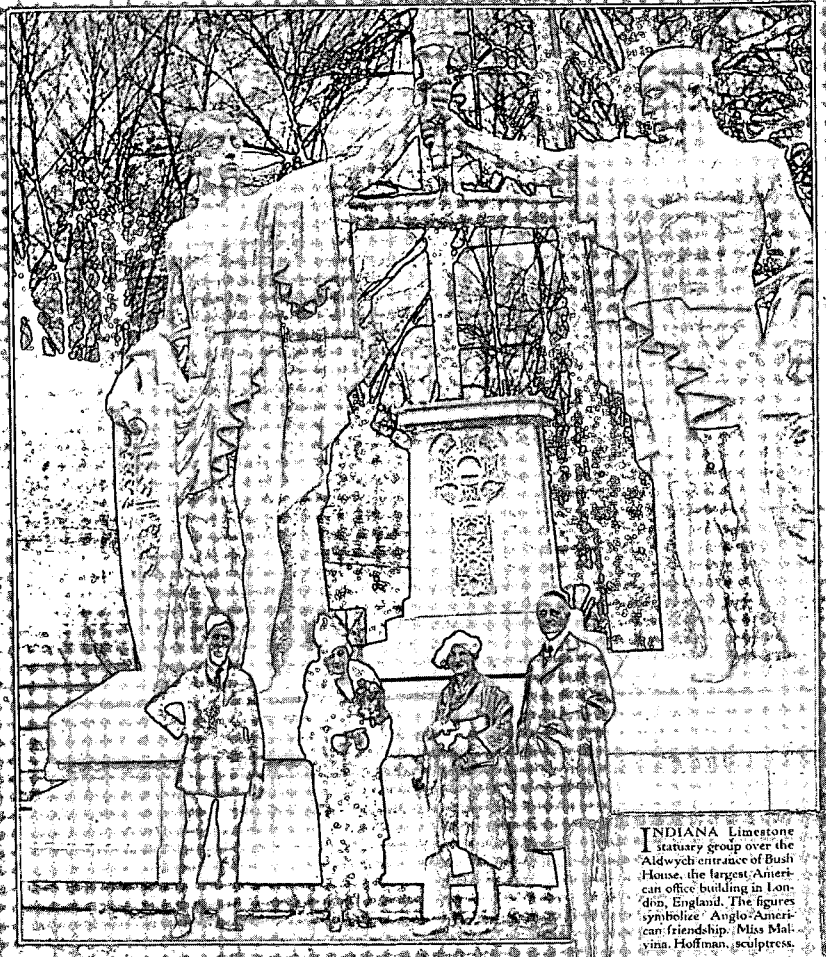
BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH

INDIANA LIMESTONE

The NATION'S BUILDING STONE



INDIANA Limestone statuary group over the Aldwych entrance of Bush House, the largest American office building in London, England. The figures symbolize Anglo-American friendship. Miss Malvina Hoffman, sculptress.

WHEN Indiana Limestone was chosen for the statuary group illustrated, a British expert questioned whether it long would stand the ravages of the climate and mentioned the matter to Irving T. Bush, head of the Bush Company.

"How long do you think it will withstand the London atmosphere?" he asked.

"Oh, 200 or 300 years," Mr. Bush replied.

"Make a note in our diary," he said to his secretary, "that in 200 years time I must come to London to see how this sculpture is getting along."

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THE LIVING AGE

January 2, 1926

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NEXT WEEK

The most powerful movement now under way in Europe is the great wave of Fascisti sentiment that is sweeping all the Latin countries from Rumania to Spain. The Mussolini method is regarded as their only hope. Already Italy has openly avowed her imperial intentions, while in France the possibility of a dictatorship is being anxiously discussed. To bring to our readers' minds the importance of this situation, we are grouping several articles on this subject in next week's issue of the *Living Age* and entitling it the

FASCIST NUMBER

The contents of the magazine will include, among other things:

APOSTLES OF FASCISM . . . *By Charles Fraval*

FASCISM IN FRANCE . . . *By a Paris Correspondent*

FASCISM'S THIRD ANNUAL BALANCE
By a German in Rome

In the same issue another article of unusual interest will appear. It is a recently discovered criticism of Tolstoi written by Lenin years ago. The present régime in Moscow is notoriously opposed to Tolstoi, though at the time the essay was written the author was an unheard-of revolutionist, while his subject was an internationally renowned figure.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *JANUARY 2, 1926* — NO. 4252

AROUND THE WORLD IN DECEMBER

EUROPEAN affairs have been dominated by the political and economic crisis in France ever since the conclusion of the Locarno Agreement cleared the way for a return to national preoccupations. Were Aristide Briand a man of sterner fibre and more uncompromising antecedents, he might not now occupy for the eighth time the post of Premier. On the other hand, he might, once in power, become a dictator. France is crying for a strong government, but it is questionable whether she is prepared to achieve this by Fascist methods. Pride in his country's 'Grand Revolution' of 1789 still colors the political complex of the Frenchman. Whatever the aberrances of its politicians, the voters of that country are abundantly endowed with common-sense. France and Italy are not alike, and there is no precedent for the assumption that France, which has hitherto led in the great movements on the Continent, should now fall into step in Italy's wake.

Fascism, however, is a movement not to be disparaged. Many of its aspects are by no means novel. We have seen its tactics applied uncounted times in Latin America. Personal government, whether by a Chinese tuchun, a Turkish ghazi, an Italian *duce*, or a Spanish director, is much alike. But Fascism as a popular philosophy is substantially a reaction against social disintegration, a forlorn-hope effort to restore the lapsing authority of government. Its champions employ direct action, as do the Bolsheviki; but to defend the existing social order, not to overthrow it. We shall return to this theme in next week's issue as dealing with the most significant aspect of current developments in Latin Europe.

It is hardly worth while to repeat the details of the various schemes for stabilizing the finances that have been proposed by successive ministers, because none of them seems likely at the present moment to be accepted. M. Loucheur, Big Business incarnate, proved even less popular as Minister of Finance than M. Caillaux, who at least aroused curiosity as a prestidigitator. Loucheur is rated an ambitious as well as a courageous man who was presumably better equipped for his post with every gift except public favor than is his present successor, Senator Paul Doumer.

Meanwhile trade is booming fever-

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ishly in France. No one can calculate a month ahead the cost of production. To-morrow's prices of raw materials, labor, transport, taxation, and credit defy guessing. Orders pour in from abroad and from within the country — from the foreigner because the franc is abnormally cheap, and from the native because he fears that prices will mount to impossible heights and because he thinks it safer to convert his francs into goods while they will buy something than to wait until they are as valueless as waste paper.

Across the Channel progress toward better things is definite and heartening. Great Britain has rallied from her momentary discouragement last autumn, and finds upon taking stock of her resources and comparing the present with the past that her condition is not so desperate after all. As the *Westminster Gazette* says: 'At times, in surveying the situation, it is forgotten that war always brings unrest, since it inevitably brings change and distress; but the disturbance after the Napoleonic wars was very much worse than any of which we have evidence to-day. It was worse not only in extent but in its temper. The British worker to-day is making on the whole an intelligent criticism of his conditions. The small handful of extremists who make so disproportionate a noise tend to make people forget that solid body of sensible men and women who actually do the work.'

Mr. Baldwin's Government, which is really more Liberal-Centrist than traditional Conservative, pursues the even tenor of its way regardless of protests from dissentient extremists in its own Party. The Liberals are weakened by internal discord. Lloyd George and the Asquithians, despite repeated dramatic reconciliations, are still at loggerheads. This came to the surface lately in open differences over Lloyd George's land policy. Of the Labor Party the London *Outlook*, which does not sympathize with its programme, says: 'Circumstances are against it. It has repudiated the Communists, but it is now bound to put up some sort of defense of Communists against the Government prosecutions. Logically the distinction is real, but the public is not always bound by strict logic. It is in favor of disarmament, but bound to protest against dockyard and similar service economies; here it can defend one position or the other, but not both — the logical contradiction is absolute. Similarly, it is theoretically in favor of Free Trade, but practically keen on reducing unemployment; and once again it is liable to contradict itself. Its head is with the Liberals, but its heart is more with the Tories, because it has not thought out its first principles. That way lies impotence.'

Ireland's agriculture is depressed, and her chief internal improvement — harnessing the Shannon River to turbines and dynamos — is temporarily stopped by a labor dispute; but her political horizon is brightening. The recent settlement of the Ulster boundary is a long step forward. Stephen Gwynn, writing in the *Observer*, believes the retention of the present line no great disaster, and far more than counterbalanced by the financial relief that the British Government has granted the Free State as an inducement to amicable settlement.

'The boundary is not ideal; but the true objection is not to a special boundary, but to partition; and Ireland at large has come to regard that as an evil that must be lived down. Or, to put it better, we have learned to regard unity as a thing that must be worked for and lived for.' He believes that friction between Catholics and Protestants is growing less. Indeed, Catholic schools are receiving much more liberal treat-

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ment from the Ulster Government than they ever did under British rule from Dublin or London. Catholic Nationalists in the Northern Parliament are not only tolerated, but popular. Of their leader, Joseph Devlin, Mr. Gwynn says: 'All the Unionists I met spoke of him absolutely with affection. The truth is, they are nearly as proud of "Joe" as the Falls Road is. He is one of the outstanding personalities of Belfast, and they know it. But there is another side to it. Mr. Devlin complained to me that he found it hard to do what he conceived to be his best in the Northern Parliament. He liked them all too much. I never knew his form to be cramped by any such considerations at Westminster.'

For Germany the great event of December promises to be the evacuation of the first or northernmost of the three occupied zones and the restoration to German local officials of a share of the authority of which they have been deprived in the two zones that still remain under Allied control. The Berlin Cabinet crisis that followed the signing of the Locarno Pact is more apparent than real. Parties are jockeying for tactical advantages there as they are at Paris. The Social-Democrats disliked intensely some economic measures of the Luther Cabinet, but the Reichstag as a body and its leaders enjoy a prestige in Germany that Parliament and many Paris politicians seem to have sacrificed in France. Several French papers, even those of a Liberal complexion, refused to see in the Reichstag's ratification of the Locarno Treaty evidence of a real change of heart in Germany. They attributed that action entirely to economic motives. The country is in urgent need of liquid capital There have been numerous business failures, and many others are supposed to be imminent. Much capital was made for the Treaty by petitions signed by territorial and industrial magnates — one of these bore more than five hundred well-known signatures — urging ratification as a matter of business necessity.

Now that the ballots are counted, the recent elections in Czechoslovakia show that, disregarding ordinary party nomenclature, the three strongest political groups are, in order of strength, the Reformist Socialists, the Peasant Agrarians, and the militant Catholics, who incline toward Christian Socialism. Each of these groups can muster a million and a half ballots. The Communists come next with nearly a million voters, while the Irredentists, or dissenting Nationalists, who refuse to accept the new Republic as a permanent political fact, have shrunk to less than half a million members.

Poland's economic crisis shows no sign of betterment. According to the Warsaw correspondent of the London *Economist*, 'thirty per cent of the industrial population is unemployed . . . a percentage to be found nowhere in Western Europe. Even those who work are very often employed only five, four, or three days of the week.' The recent fall of the *zloty* entailed a run on the banks, whose liquid assets have shrunk with intimidating rapidity, enforcing a further restriction of credits. This situation has begun to react on public revenues, which are declining in sympathy with decreasing prosperity. As Poland has great natural resources and an industrious population, her ills are attributed to a shortage of money, and people are clamoring loudly for inflation.

Holland, whose Government has been a model of Conservative stability since the war, seems to be entering upon a period of ministerial unsettlement. Following the general elections last July, the Coalition Cabinet, which had been in office since 1918, was re-

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constructed. Both ministries depended for their survival upon the coöperation of the Catholics and the Protestants, who are elected as Party groups in Holland; but the two have now fallen out over the question of retaining an ambassador at the Vatican. The Democrats and Socialists are rather indifferent to the Embassy question, but the issue was raised during the last campaign by Protestants who resented the growing political activity of the Catholics. The latter are a minority of the population, but have exercised influence beyond their numbers because they are united and have the largest single delegation in Parliament, or thirty out of one hundred seats, while the Protestants are divided into three groups.

No evidence appears as yet to indicate that the new 'Cabinet' in Spain, in which certain civilian elements have been added to the Directory, is more than the old junta with a less military veneer. If the change indicates anything, it is that King Alfonso is a somewhat more important factor in the situation than has been commonly supposed. The Directory does not, according to rumor, intend to restore the old Cortes, but to substitute for it an industrial Parliament whose members shall be chosen by economic groups, including presumably the organized workers and the peasants. Only after this is done will 'constitutional guaranties' be restored. It is significant that a very similar proposal is receiving attention from the Fascisti in Italy. According to confidential advices, the atmosphere in Spain is surcharged with political expectancy, and conditions seem ripe for 'almost anything to happen.'

Early this month the General Council of the International Federation of Trade-Unions at Amsterdam refused, notwithstanding the advocacy of the British delegates, to receive the Communist Unions of Soviet Russia into fellowship. This does not terminate all discussion of eventual coöperation between the two organizations, but it is an unquestioned setback for the ultra-Reds. In this connection a circular issued by the Russian Central Council of Trade-Unions, of which Mr. Tomsky is president, criticizing their bureaucratic spirit, the corruption of their officials, their curtailment of free criticism, and their general apathy, is particularly pertinent. Among other things the circular declared: 'The trade-unions, overburdened with work of an economic and political character, have often found it impossible to carry out their proper functions. They have had to relegate to the background their principal task — that of defending the industrial interests of the great mass of their members. The result has been a lack of interest in the important details of trade-union activity, a weakening of financial control even to the extent of malversation, and a bureaucratic and doctrinaire outlook.'

According to recent dispatches, the Zankov Cabinet in Bulgaria, which has exercised autocratic power since it overthrew Stambuliskii's Agrarian Government two years ago last June, is now in danger of disruption through internal dissensions. The trouble arises over the relation of Sofia to the powerful Macedonian organization which, according to Mr. Zankov, possesses undue influence in the Ministry and tends to perpetuate unrest in the Balkans. It is not unlikely that League pressure exercised in connection with the recent frontier incident with Greece has something to do with this.

Mosul seems to be the danger-point in Asia just at present. Brushing all technicalities aside, the dispute there is solely between Turkey and Great Britain, and the stake is a valuable oil-

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district to which Turkey probably has the better technical title. Ethnographically the district admittedly presents a difficult problem. It is the meeting-place of Kurds, Arabs, Assyrians, Turks, and Jews, who are separated by no clear dividing-line. Mountaineers have filtered into the plain, nomadic Bedouins have settled on the Tigris, and Turks have mingled with both, so that not only is there a racial mixture, but a constant shifting of customs, habits, and occupations. But the Kurds admittedly form five eighths of the population. They have no special love for Turkey, or apparently for the Arab kingdom of Irak, but rather prefer union with the latter for economic reasons.

Just what part high finance, including possibly Standard Oil interests, plays in the present complications it is impossible to determine, but the suspicion that such influences are involved will work in Turkey's favor in Labor and Liberal circles, whatever the actual facts of the case may be.

Last autumn representatives from all Islamic countries held a congress at Cairo to consider the restoration of the Caliphate. This congress will reassemble at Baku under Soviet protection about the time this issue of the *Living Age* appears. It is significant that the names having the strongest support for the honor of heading the Mohammedan world are the Riffian leader, Abd-el-Krim, the sheik of the Senussi, the victorious sheik of the Wahabis, Ibn Seud, who already holds Mekka and has just occupied Medina, and, last but not least, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of Turkey.

India's independence movement is faltering at the moment, on account of divisions among its members. The Swarajist Party, while still strong in Bengal, has been weakened by defections in Bombay. The Indian Government is showing special favor to the latter city, where the important cotton-spinning industry has been hard pressed by Japanese competition, strikes, and Gandhi's campaign for a return to the spinning wheel. After more than fifty years the excise duty of three and one-half per cent on Indian cotton cloth has been abolished. This action is of some political as well as economic importance. It will increase the protection afforded to the Indian manufacturer against Lancashire competition from seven and one-half per cent to the full eleven per cent of the present import-duty. The *Saturday Review* speaks of the measure as removing 'an ancient and intolerable scandal, the economic oppression of India at the bidding of Lancashire interests, which have professed ardent sympathy with the wider political aspirations of India.' The *Spectator* remarks: 'The humiliating fact emerges from a study of this controversy that from 1874 onward the Government of India, against its own judgment, has been the instrument of a policy forced upon it by successive Secretaries of State.'

Nothing can be said of China at present that is not either retrospective or ninety per cent conjecture. Even the people of the Treaty Ports, so far as can be judged by their press, merely guess what is happening in the interior. Larger strategy is the inscrutable secret of a few military leaders. No hint of Chang Tso-lin's possible collapse was whispered before it occurred. That event, though it may strengthen General Feng, who is rated Russia's friend, may not play into the Soviet Government's hands in its rivalry with Japan, whose troops have seized the opportunity to occupy Mukden. Moscow's weapons in Asia are diplomacy and propaganda. Japan likewise is an

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adept in these, but since the Twenty-one Demands she cannot use them as effectively as her rival.

Premier Kato's *Kenseikai* Cabinet represents the strongest single Party in Parliament, but is outnumbered by the combined Opposition. Therefore he is expected to appeal to the country at an early date. Japan will then have the first general election under the universal-suffrage law, which has tripled or quadrupled the number of voters. This prospect has brought into existence the Proletarian Party, which professes to represent the interests of the peasants and the working classes, although the Japanese Federation of Labor has so far refused to give it formal endorsement. The new Party, which is led by university professors and liberal members of the intelligentsia, distinctly repudiates Communism, but demands the abolition of all repressive laws against labor, extension of the suffrage to women, reduction of armaments and the term of military service, heavier taxes on large estates, advanced laws for the protection of labor, and the abolition of extraterritorial jurisdiction in China.

The Congress of Mexico is still debating the Calles Law to put in effect Article 27 of the Constitution regulating alien landownership in the Republic. Two distinct classes of owners will be affected by this legislation — foreigners owning or interested in property within fifty kilometres, or about thirty miles, of the border or the seacoast, who are required either to sell within three months or to become naturalized citizens of Mexico; and those owning property in the interior, who will be required to file a formal declaration at the Mexican Foreign Office to the effect that they will ask for only the same treatment as Mexican citizens in respect to their property in Mexico — in short, claim no rights of extraterritoriality.

'Why did n't you say, "Forgive us our debts"?'

'Oh, Dad says that was all settled at Washington.'

— *La Tribuna*, Rome

THE POWERS IN CHINA. 'After all, the play's the thing.'

— Japan Advertiser

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THE PARIS PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION[1]

BY BECKLES WILLSON

AMONG other audacities, Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately been inspired to inform the Parisians, through the columns of *Le Temps*, that Paris is both conservative and provincial. As M. Marcel Prévost was already engaged in demonstrating that the French capital is more moral and dignified than London, there may be no paradox after all. Certainly, with respect to its daily press, Paris is still to a great extent bound to what we consider obsolete forms and methods, and in technical production it is manifestly of an inferior order.

Perhaps, one thinks, if Paris had to invent a journalism for itself, *de nouveau*, the result would be quite different, because the present format and topical incongruity of the bulk of its newspapers are simply an inheritance from the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century gazettes and the omnipotent and enduring official *Moniteur*. In consequence, such journals as *Le Temps*, *Le Journal des Débats*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Gaulois*, *L'Action Française*, *L'Éclair*, to name but these out of the twenty which compose the Paris daily press of opinion, are more closely akin to-day to the London critical weeklies than they are to the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, or the *Daily Telegraph*. It is only within the past twenty years or so that an entirely new press, a press of information, has arisen in Paris, inspired by American models; and this, of course, has not been without its effect on the older organs.

Professedly journals of political opinion, the papers I have named are also chroniclers and critics of literature, the theatre, and the fine arts. One's impression is that only reluctantly have they come to admit 'news,' that is to say, 'reports of the crimes, violences, follies, and misfortunes of mankind,' as being worthy of equal and even superior space in the paper. This explains the mentioned incongruity of the front page, where a brutal murder or a railway accident or some sensational item from an American source is insinuated between a graceful article by an Immortal on 'The Prose of Alfred de Musset' and the 'Love-Letters of Chopin' or the 'Foreign Policy of Guizot,' or perhaps a paper on 'Some Women in the Romances of Pierre Loti.' Close beside it one finds a rhetorical attack on the ministry, an official *communiqué* relating to the taxes, and half a column of amusing persiflage over a famous pseudonym.

Is it surprising that one is occasionally reminded of what might happen, as the result of an amalgamation between the *Spectator* and the *News of the World?* In truth, such a newspaper is a medley from which even the trained reader finds it difficult to extract the intelligence he seeks. I have lately heard this confusion commented upon by French journalists themselves; they ascribe it to the fact that

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *November*

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Paris journalism is just now in a critical stage of evolution. The conductors of the older papers have not made up their minds what proportion of their readers demand opinion and what proportion require information. They prefer to postpone a more logical journalistic formula.

Meanwhile, the rapidly growing change in the French public taste, habits, and intelligence, and the new activities and interests which have sprung up since the war, serve to make further inroads on the limited space of the paper, which rarely exceeds five pages of reading-matter and is more often less. True, a certain number of new journals devoted to news-pictures and sport and the huge circulations of journals of *Le Petit Parisien* type tend to relieve that pressure which the old-fashioned journalist resents. One of them said to me: —

> Murders of insignificant people, burglaries, seductions, thefts, crimes of passion, are interesting if presented interestingly. But they are at bottom conventional, and not really 'news,' inasmuch as they have all happened and been described in detail by Balzac, Poe, Zola, Boisgobey, and a hundred other masters; so that people with a taste for that sort of thing may gratify themselves to repletion at the nearest library. Rochefort once thought of putting the leading crime of the day in the *feuilleton*. On the other hand, the changes and tendencies and discoveries of society are new and of enormous importance. The state of France, its political parties, its immediate future, its foreign relations, ought to be of vital interest to every Frenchman. It is our business as journalists to see that it is made so.

Naturally, this is pure didacticism; and the Paris editor is nothing if not didactic. So he expresses the dislike he feels. He tells the new journals of information that they resemble the Parisian of Gondinet, who was popular because he was noncommittal. 'I never express any opinion on anybody or anything. I find it useless. *C'est plus commode aussi et moins compromettant.*'

'Reporting, big or little,' observes a writer in *Le Temps*, 'has its interest, which can be considerable and exacts a real talent. But it can only rise to a certain level if the journalist is a man who knows how to write, see, and think, and is not a mere recording instrument. And, besides, it is not enough to note events; he must explain and judge them, and this is the task of the journalist of opinion, who can claim as ancestors Chateaubriand, Paul Louis Courier, and even Voltaire, their authentic patron. . . . Also, there is literary journalism which no more than the other sort is content to be a phonograph.'

The Paris press of opinion, then, continues to be an institution, an establishment, almost a religion, with its high-priests in the line of succession from Prevost-Paradol, Girardin, Weiss, Ranc, Hebrard, Rochefort, Nefftzer, Albert Wolff, Arthur Mayer, Cornély, and the rest, who are looked upon by the people of other countries at least as expressing, by ritual and homily, a large, perhaps the whole, body of French public opinion.

Before inquiring whether this is the case or not, let me note a characteristic of the whole of the press of the capital. You will generally look in vain in the chief newspapers for that documentation upon which a reader may form an independent opinion for himself. *Le Temps* is the only journal that prints the debates in both Chambers in full, though not always punctually. Reports of speeches outside the Chamber are generally very meagre. Official documents, public meetings, legal judgments, are briefly summarized or only mentioned indirectly. All this is inevitable from

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sheer lack of space. But the newspaper being primarily an organ of opinion, even the reporters are allowed to express their opinions on facts they know but which the public cannot know. Incidents, big or little, are tinctured and transformed by the writer's or his journal's prepossessions. A Canadian habitant is robbed in Montmartre. The episode is narrated by *Le Journal* in the style of Xavier de Montépin; by *Le Figaro* in the mordant vein of Maupassant; the reporter of *Le Matin* converts the victim into a 'gentleman-farmer'; *L'Intransigeant* treats the affair satirically; and *Le Petit Parisien* expresses a doubt whether this wealthy foreigner was really robbed, and, if so, did not merit it by his folly. 'These foreigners!' runs the title of a cartoon. 'Poor Paris, when can she be free of their company and be herself again?'

Now, while some of this is very unlike present-day English journalism, it is a good deal like what English journalism was a century ago, when the editorial 'we' extended to police-court cases. The danger of this style of writing and its free handling of personalities is that innocent people are occasionally libeled or held up to ridicule — a proceeding which with us would very quickly land editor and publisher in the courts. But in Paris there is more latitude, and — dueling being no longer in vogue — the person attacked can always fall back on the Press Law of 1881, which gives him a right of rejoinder equal in space to the length of the attack.

'The Paris press,' declares M. Stéphane Lausanne of *Le Matin*, 'translates public opinion; it does not make it. . . . It resembles Danton on a famous occasion. It summons to it the angry crowds; it harangues them; but it does not dictate their sentiments. It only interprets them. The press can increase, delimit, or turn aside the torrent; it cannot create it. It has its source in the entrails and conscience.'

Supposing this diagnosis true, the power to increase, delimit, and turn aside public opinion is a very real power. Does the Paris press possess it? I am inclined to be doubtful. From a long-established newspaper, even under the régime of the signed article, one looks for a certain unity of policy and opinion. The name of the *rédacteur en chef* usually printed under the title would seem to guarantee this. Yet the only journals wherein I find this consistency are *L'Action Française*, the Royalist organ, and the Communist journal, *Humanité*.

Too often in leading metropolitan journals, when important events supervene, one is surprised, not so much by a certain tentativeness of treatment, or a certain ambiguity, but by an actual contradictoriness in two writers writing in the same issue, as if the attitude of the paper were not defined or its policy settled. The reader is left wondering which way the cat is going to jump. This trait of opportunism is now quickly recognized by French readers, who, if they belong to a definite group of which this particular newspaper is the organ, have no objection to the editor's handling the subject gingerly until the opinion of the group leaders becomes known.

On the subject of foreign affairs the Paris press is accustomed to consider itself strong. Unquestionably there are writers on *Le Temps*, *Le Matin*, *L'Écho de Paris*, *L'Ère Nouvelle*, and *L'Intransigeant*, to mention a few, who are particularly well informed on foreign affairs. Nevertheless the impression on the mind of the critical reader, and one confirmed by closer scrutiny, is that the journal is itself

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by no means well informed. Many of the blunders of these very newspapers are elementary. Two years ago I compiled a list of geographical and political 'howlers' in five of the leading Paris newspapers which would have shamed the rawest novice in Fleet Street. It is not only in simple facts and proper names (it is a trifle, but even as I pen this the current issue of *Le Temps* contains repeated references to Mr. Stanislaus Baldwin and Mr. L. St. Amery!), but in direct statements about foreign governments and institutions that the merest glance at *Whitaker* would have obviated.

When it comes to British, American, Japanese, Indian, and Colonial politics and economics these references are far wilder and wider of the truth than would be tolerated by the readers of any small British provincial newspaper. These are sins in simple ignorance; in propaganda the errors are graver. Legends are repeated and assertions confidently advanced about the British Empire and America, about Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, which, although appearing in different journals, bear such a strong resemblance to one another that one is forced to credit a common source, and that an official one.

What is singular is, considering the way the Paris press is quoted abroad, that it is apparently worth no one's while to expose these falsities. In London, if a libel concerning Hungary, Lithuania, or the Hejaz appears in any reputable newspaper, the ink is hardly dry before someone conversant, generally at first hand, with the facts, sends a letter to the paper denouncing the libel, and the letter is printed. Or if the importance of the subject warrant, the editor dispatches a representative to interview one, two, or half a dozen experts and the matter is thrashed out promptly. Now, in such a case, the attitude of the Paris editor would be something like this: —

> We printed the statement because it was interesting, made agreeable reading, and accorded with our notions. It is no part of my business to stultify my own journal, and in point of fact, my dear sir, our readers are theorists, logicians, and doctrinaires, when they are not devoted to belles-lettres, and do not care an aluminium sou whether the Imamate of Yemen is governed by an Imam or a Grand Duke, or that our article on 'Ohio Bigotry' was invalidated by the fact of Dayton's being in Tennessee. Whether General Garfield was assassinated in 1881 by a Frenchman, Jules Guiteau, — as you state, — or by a German named Zollgoth, — as we stated, — is void of practical importance, having served its turn and been already forgotten. Even our declaration that the State of Bavaria has, up to date, not paid a single mark on account or reparation, when, as appears from the official figures, she has paid fifty million marks, was merely a rhetorical figure to express our contention that the total receipts from the Reich were inadequate.

A Paris journalist of opinion is, you perceive, no Gradgrind!

'A journalist,' once more observes M. Lauzanne, 'ceases to make journalism when he begins to make diplomacy.' But the trouble is that the French journalist of every grade is nearly always making diplomacy. Propaganda seems to be the very gospel of his trade. Whatever the extent of his real knowledge on any subject, he is forever concealing, restraining, or manipulating it in order to serve some special interest, and, above all, the special interest of his own country. It is this trait which makes it not only difficult for a foreigner to get at the truth of any domestic situation, especially if it has any bearing on external relations, but equally difficult for a Frenchman if he is obliged to rely upon the printed

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information vouchsafed him by his own newspaper. The bias of the Paris press, with a single exception, is so intensely national that its every comment is implicit with flattery of the *amour propre* of the nation, by an almost Tibetan instinct to throw dust in the eyes of the foreigner.

Such intensity of patriotism, very admirable in the citizen, more properly belongs to the diplomat than to the journalist, at least in times of peace. The wholesale organized suppressions and secrecies of the classic Dreyfus case were apparently forgotten long before the war. Other nations allow the free air to circulate even in international controversies; a wholesome sense of proportion is maintained. Eminent British and American journalists have occasionally been moved to utter things about national shortcomings and errors of policy and conduct, which, so far from involving them in ostracism, have earned them increased respect. It is unhappily otherwise in France; the example of courage and real patriotism shown by M. Cornély and Anatole France in *Le Figaro* at the time of the Dreyfus affair was all but unprecedented. A quarter of a century has passed, and if one wishes to find a parallel to the outspokenness of those journalists one can only, very reluctantly, point to MM. Marcel Cachin and Doriot of *L'Humanité*.

It is in vain that the much-traveled and now converted M. Lauzanne exhorts his colleagues of the Paris press to remember that they should always be journalists — to see the truth steadily, see it whole.

> Do not forget that you cease to be a journalist when you make propaganda, even the most useful and noble of propaganda, the propaganda for your country. You cease, in fact, to make the photograph in order to make the pose. You cease to listen in order to speak. You cease to be marble in order to play with fire.

M. Lauzanne furnishes us out of his own personal history with a striking illustration of this ruling passion in the Paris journalist. In 1919 he was sent to interview Lord (Robert) Cecil on the subject of the new League of Nations. At the outset Lord Robert asked him how the French viewed the project.

> The ordinary rules governing the interview constrained me to listen in silence while Lord Robert Cecil developed his thought. But I had, during two years and a half, been taking a bath of Anglo-Saxon ideology which had rather enervated my Gallic logic. A reaction of my good sense impelled me irresistibly to get up and shake myself, to let myself go. I therefore arose, seized Lord Robert's ideal by the throat and proceeded to maltreat it fiercely. I asked him, with misplaced irony, where were the moral forces which he had declared were 'superior to physical force' when, in 1914, the German hordes were stamping through Belgium and France? What was his 'world-conscience' then doing? And if, in 1918, there had not been the physical force of big guns fabricated wholesale by England and France, if two millions of American boys had not hurried over with the most formidable material of war ever seen, would not Belgium have been suppressed and England subjugated?
>
> 'Your English policemen,' I concluded, 'pass for the best in Europe, but permit me to observe that in order to repress misdeeds in the street they have something more than their moral force; they have their herculean bodies, about which there is generally concealed a revolver of the latest model.'

If one reads this whole passage carefully, one begins to perceive the true mentality of the Paris journalist and the Paris press and its special outlook upon war, peace, and the League of Nations. I do not think that to-day M. Lauzanne is really repentant. It would be quite useless

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to tell him that the conscience of the world *did* arise in its might in 1914; that it was that and not love of France which brought the British Empire and America into the war; that to-day the conscience of the world is more active and potent than ever and can exact penalties which the most ignorant and brutal aggressor will hesitate to face in future; useless even to remind him that the London policeman, frequently no giant and unarmed, does manage to preserve law and order simply by moral force. Lord Robert saw the futility of further argument with the Paris journalist. 'I thank you for communicating your views,' he remarked with irony, and, rising, courteously dismissed his visitor. And M. Lauzanne records this.

At the last session at Geneva of the League of Nations *Le Matin* was represented by M. Jules Sauerwein, than whom perhaps no writer on the Paris press enjoys a higher reputation for knowledge of foreign affairs. The French people have now become reconciled to the League of Nations, — a reconciliation to which, however, the press has only slightly contributed, — but the defeat of the Protocol seems inexplicable. Yet M. Sauerwein, being particularly well informed, knows why the Protocol was inacceptable to us; he is also perfectly well aware that the British delegation from the beginning entered heart and soul into the adjustment of foreign differences though at the occasional sacrifice of its own interests. He could hardly have doubted the probity of Messrs. Chamberlain and Amery and the rest of the delegation, to whose earnest endeavors the leading French statesmen have paid tribute. Yet M. Sauerwein can report thus to his paper: —

> The British delegation acts, in every circumstance, as if it had received the general instruction: Weaken by every means the League of Nations, at the same time using it adroitly for the defense of British policy in Mosul and elsewhere.
>
> Not content with having demolished the Protocol, England put an obstacle in the way of everything which can give the League efficacy or prestige. France, loyal to its line of conduct, preparing for disarmament while negotiating for security [and so on].

It is amazing to what lengths self-deception and rhetoric can carry the ablest of French journalists. While the Caillaux debt negotiations were pending in Washington some thoughtless publicist or other said, perhaps not unpardonably, 'Don't let us talk about the war. Let us talk business.' The Paris press became at once very scathing toward these 'Yankee salt-pork merchants' whom they had so exalted eight years before. Even the suave M. Léon Bailby, editor of *L'Intransigeant*, joined in the chorus:—

> To have supported the heaviest burden of the war, without which American commerce and the American fleet would to-day be at the mercy of Germany — that is nothing. To evoke our million and a half dead is, to the American business man, bad taste. Dead men are not worth reckoning. They are not like the war supplies for which we must to-day pay in dollars at four times their original price.
>
> The famous Dawes Plan! Dawes and Company, bankers, of Chicago — a city half German. Come, let us talk of dollars! Let us have no further talk of a common cause, a common ideal, defended by men having at heart the same holy enthusiasm [and so on].

Does this fustian carry any weight in France? Perhaps not; but it fans the flame of agreeable excitement which most Frenchmen like to find burning in their favorite newspaper. It has become a convention to have their pulses stirred and their resentments aroused. At bottom and in their sober moments I think they envisage inter-

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national facts clearly enough — as clearly, indeed, as we do. Every Frenchman knows that, if his Government is poor, France is rich. He knows that every industry in the country is sailing on a high tide of prosperity, that not only every Frenchman, but two million foreigners, are employed at good wages to fill the orders that are coming in from all over the globe. But you would hardly gather this state of affairs from the Paris press.

Similarly, every Frenchman knows of the large fortunes made by contractors in the devastated regions. In fact, in the regions themselves one hears of little else. But do not expect to find in *Le Temps*, *Figaro*, *Le Matin*, or *L'Intransigeant* any allusion to the scandalous profits out of the sums allocated by Government for restoration. The other day the conspiracy of silence was rudely broken. M. Painlevé, the Premier, in a lengthy speech delivered in the South, declared that his Government was on the track of these shameless profiteers of the devastated regions. The whole Paris press was shocked. Not a newspaper — save, of course, the unspeakable *Humanité* — had ever mentioned such a scandal.

'Has M. Painlevé reflected,' asked *Le Temps*, 'on the calumnies that this unlucky speech can produce in Germany, so prompt and so able to exploit our least imprudences? How could the orator appropriate these legends which have been created about the reparation of the ruins caused by the enemy invasion?'

The prosperity, and indeed the rapacity, of the French peasant and the connection of that class with the present cost of living in France is another *secret de Polichinelle*. The comparative failure of the recent domestic loan was due to the refusal of the *paysan*, in spite of all the appeals to his patriotism, to support it. But not a word of this in the Paris press, from which you inferred from the reports of enthusiastic provincial meetings that the honest farmers were coming forward nobly with their savings. At last the patience of *Le Figaro*, which in the past has honorably distinguished itself by bursts of candor, became exhausted. It came out with a really terrible article from the pen of M. Gheusi, entitled '*Gobseck aux Champs*.' Gobseck, it may be recalled, was a character in Balzac, a skinflint, a usurer, impervious to patriotism, shrewd and hard as nails. One recognized the type at once in the provincial profiteer who is only thinking of his corn, his swine, his oxen, and the prices he can extort from the townsman.

It was a bitter article; it drew blood. The whole countryside was seized with resentment. Protests poured into the *Figaro* office; but one from the Marquis de Vogüé, who is president of the Société des Agriculteurs de France, and therefore official spokesman of the farmers, settled the matter. M. Gheusi was promptly thrown over by the owner of the paper, M. Coty; and two columns of retractation appeared in the front page, headed, 'The Peasants of France should not be confounded with the Speculators.'

Our collaborator and friend, M. Gheusi, published last Thursday in his journal, on his own initiative and on his own responsibility, an article entitled 'Gobseck of the Fields,' of which the least we can say is that it represents only the views of its author, so much are the assertions contained in his diatribe against our peasants in obvious opposition to the *Figaro's* doctrine of social conservatism and economic defense.

For days all Paris was laughing; but the laughter of all prudent Frenchmen

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was in their sleeve, and no echo was to be found in the Paris press.

In the recent bank strike, again, the sympathy of the public was from first to last with the strikers; but if any looked for any reflection of that sympathy in the press, any exposition of the justice of their demands owing to the prosperity of the banks and the great increase of dividends, they must have been imperfectly informed as to the financial independence of the newspapers of Paris. It is not necessary to press here any charges of venality against these newspapers, which were sufficiently pressed at the time of the *Mätin* and *Journal* revelations, or even to mention it save as one source of their loss of prestige and influence. I have been informed that there is not a single Paris journal which is a paying property in the strict economic sense, and it is fair to infer that their staffs and news organization must suffer in consequence. Indeed, the wretched pay of the Paris journalist is a standing temptation to venality, which he is not always able to resist.

Nevertheless, the Paris press continues to command the pens of many talented and forceful writers who accomplish much good and afford literary entertainment of a high order. Others are, however, rather essayists and polemists than men with a wide outlook and a practical knowledge of affairs. Their provincialism — one dislikes to use the word, perhaps 'narrow nationalism' would be better — is at times exasperatingly on a par with that of the late Honorable Jefferson Brick, and the creed of the young gentleman who writes under the pseudonym of 'Pertinax' daily proclaims itself.

> The grace, the beauty, the virtues, the genius, the incomparable past, of France give umbrage to the Anglo-Saxons. Their greatest concern, since the Armistice, has been to prevent France from profiting by the greatness of her victory.

The views of such writers on cardinal themes — such as international relations — remain as unilateral and perverse, though less violent, as in the worst days of Rochefort and Drumont, and I find a general reluctance throughout France to consider them representative of French public opinion. That opinion is better reflected in the speeches of the more liberal French statesmen, publicists, and men of affairs, and even in recent French books and popular novels. The truth is, the Paris press needs more light and more air and breadth of view; and these it is now getting through the influence of the cinema, the increased circulation in Paris of foreign newspapers, and the establishment of the new journals of information, which, in the main, are content to give the news and let readers ponder quietly for themselves.

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AMERICA'S CUSTOMS INQUISITION [1]

BY SENATOR ÉDOUARD NERON

FRENCH exporters are protesting vigorously, and with excellent cause, against the vexatious inquiries that American Treasury agents are making in this country. Their protests find an echo in the press, and have been brought before our Government by our leading commercial and industrial organizations.

The Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law of September 1922, instead of basing ad valorem duties on the value of merchandise in the United States, as had been done for several years, returned to the pre-war practice of basing them on the value of goods in the country of origin. The Law provides that 'if any person manufacturing, producing, selling, shipping, or consigning merchandise to the United States fails, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, or an appraiser, or person acting as an appraiser, or a collector, or a general appraiser, or the Board of General Appraisers, as the case may be, to permit a duly accredited officer of the United States to inspect his books, papers, records, accounts, documents, or correspondence, pertaining to the market value or classification of such merchandise, then while such failure continues the Secretary of the Treasury, under regulations prescribed by him, (1) shall prohibit the importation into the United States of merchandise manufactured, produced, sold, shipped, or consigned by such person, and (2) may instruct the collectors to withhold delivery of merchandise manufactured, produced, sold, shipped, or consigned by such person. If such failure continues for the period of one year from the date of such instructions, the collector shall cause the merchandise, unless previously exported, to be sold at public auction as in case of forfeited merchandise.'

Such investigations are not new so far as the United States is concerned. It maintained a secret service of this kind, with headquarters in the Avenue de l'Opéra, before the war. Indeed, a special commission, established after the Franco-American Commercial Treaty of 1908 was signed to adjust tariff controversies between the two countries, inquired into the activities of these agents, as a result of formal complaints presented to it by French exporters of perfumery, porcelain, lace, and furnishing-goods.

But the inquisition complained of before the war was not expressly provided for by statute. The United States Tariff Act of October 1913 merely imposed a surtax of fifteen per cent ad valorem on merchandise imported into the United States from firms refusing to give the required information; while the present law prohibits such importation and makes goods brought into the country in violation of this prohibition liable to forfeiture.

Nor are these penalties merely Platonic. When a firm of metal-goods

[1] From *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris independent political-affairs monthly), *November* 10

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manufacturers at Strassburg refused to submit its books to the examination of American Treasury agents, the authorities at Washington forbade the importation of any articles manufactured or exported by that company or on its account. We certainly cannot tolerate such exclusion of our merchandise from American markets as this implies.

What is the procedure of these agents? A letter of protest addressed to the American Consul at Marseille by the Board of Trade of that city states that certain merchants there had been disagreeably surprised at receiving a call from a United States Treasury agent, who insisted upon verifying the prices on the invoices of certain goods shipped to America, upon comparing those prices with the prices of goods sold in France, and upon convincing themselves that the sums received by the selling firm were the same as the sums indicated in the invoices to their American customers. These agents were not satisfied with mere verbal assurances on these points. They demanded the right to copy the invoices of goods sold to American and French customers and of checking them by actual remittances. After having visited the exporting houses, the American agents visited certain factories in Paris and elsewhere to check the invoices still further.

These inquisitions, explicitly provided for in the American Tariff Law, are not, however, the only ones against which our exporters have protested. The American Government does not limit itself to trying to prevent fraud. American Consuls have addressed an elaborate questionnaire to business houses in their respective districts that deal regularly with America. As the president of the Paris Chamber of Commerce pointed out in a letter to the American Consul General in France, the nature of this questionnaire is such as to create the impression that it was designed to serve as a still further check upon the data gathered by American Treasury inquisitors.

Last of all, our merchants have protested indignantly against another practice — that of buying a quarter- or a half-page of advertising-space in our large city dailies, and even in country newspapers, for the purpose of inviting employees of jewelry houses selling to American tourists to betray the secrets of their masters. These advertisements are inserted by the American Jewelers Protective Association in order to prevent smuggling, and offer rewards reaching a maximum of fifty thousand dollars, or nearly a million francs, for information leading to conviction.

The Marseille Board of Trade points out, fairly enough, in its protest, which has been endorsed by many other commercial bodies, that such practices by the agents of a foreign government in France, and enforced by coercive pressure which it is not necessary to qualify, violate all precedents of commerical courtesy among nations. The copying of confidential records constitutes an intolerable prying into business secrets unauthorized by international law. Every nation has an unquestionable right to take whatever measures it thinks necessary within its own territories to prevent customs frauds, but the United States goes beyond the bounds of reason when, in order to prevent such frauds, it sets up in another country a veritable trade-inquisition and openly invites the employees of foreign business-houses to betray the secrets of their masters. . . . It is certainly intolerable that the representatives of a foreign government should exercise inquisitorial rights in this country that our own government authorities do not possess.

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Other countries, particularly Great Britain, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, take the same attitude that we do. The United States Government has suggested that they appoint their own appraisers to ascertain prices paid by American purchasers. British manufacturers indignantly rejected this proposal and refused bluntly to disclose the data demanded. According to rumor, the authorities at Washington have threatened to prohibit the importation of all products coming from British houses who refuse to submit to this inquisition. Switzerland has not replied to America's suggestion. In Scandinavia, the Fifth Congress of the Merchants of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway adopted unanimously a resolution protesting against the appointment of American Treasury agents commissioned to inspect their books for the purpose of learning the prices they receive for their goods and their methods of production.

The American Consul General at Paris has tried to justify the activities of these agents in his correspondence with the Chamber of Commerce of that city. He pointed out that, of a total of one and a half million separate consignments shipped to the United States by the merchants of the entire world during 1924, only fourteen hundred had been made the object of inquiry abroad. The Chamber of Commerce replied that the number of cases did not affect the principle; that it could not admit the right of the United States to make a single investigation in France which our own Government was not authorized to make. That body added that it was unworthy the dignity of a free country to permit foreigners to exact information from its merchants and manufacturers that American merchants and manufacturers would certainly refuse to furnish French officials.

The American Consul General also emphasized the strictly confidential character of these investigations. But can a government guarantee the absolute trustworthiness of its agents? The Consul stated, further, that if the present system proved impossible of application the United States would have to resort to the imposition of ad valorem duties based upon the value of goods in the American market.

Should that measure be adopted, the present investigations would of course be suspended as unnecessary. But our trade would suffer severely. As the Paris Chamber of Commerce points out, when an importer buys goods he must know exactly how much those goods will cost him. Now the American importer would never have that information, because prices might rise or fall between the time when he placed his order and the time when the goods passed customs. Furthermore, it is exceedingly difficult to appraise values in an open market, and they would often be fixed arbitrarily. That would bear heaviest of all upon articles of luxury which have no regular quotations.

Our own Government has expressed its views upon this subject on several occasions. In April 1924 the Foreign Minister wrote to the Chamber of Commerce at Paris as follows: 'The French Government has not failed to call the attention of the Government of the United States to the illegality under French law of the measures provided in the Fordney Bill, which are furthermore contrary to the principles of international law. I can only advise your members, therefore, to refuse any demands of this character that are presented to you, in case they are repeated.' More recently our Foreign Office has considered measures of retaliation, such as directing French agents to investigate the financial

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standing of American banks having branches in France. But the Paris Chamber of Commerce disapproved such action on the ground that reprisals toward a friendly nation would, by placing France in the same position as the United States, deprive her of all right of protest, and possibly start a series of retaliatory acts on both sides which would injure the trade of one country as much as that of the other. Such measures should be taken only as a last resort.

Furthermore, the Minister of Commerce and Industry, in a circular addressed to our Chambers of Commerce in May 1924, stated that 'agents of the administrative departments of other countries making investigations nominally economic, but actually of a character that may not be approved by the French Government, cannot be considered authorized representatives of foreign Powers.' He added that his attention had been called to the right claimed by certain agents of the treasuries of other countries to examine the books of French firms, and that since 'this proceeding was absolutely illegal, he would recommend that the Chambers of Commerce advise their members to refuse unequivocally any such demands made upon them.'

We see, therefore, that the Government of France and the Governments of other nations have repeatedly disapproved the investigations conducted by American Treasury agents abroad, and have advised their merchants and manufacturers not to consent to them. Nevertheless, the practice continues because our exporters fear lest they be excluded from the American market. But they wonder if some method cannot be worked out that will reconcile the interests of both parties. Several suggestions have been made in this direction.

The former Underwood Tariff dispensed with all such inquiries abroad, but provided that exporters should certify under oath, before an American official, and subject to certain penalties in case of perjury, to the accuracy of their invoices. In 1913 a French Cabinet Committee examined the question of amending our laws to enable this to be done, but arrived at no positive decision.

The Paris Chamber of Commerce has proposed that the American Ambassador be notified by our Government that the exequaturs of any agents of his country who insist upon examining the books, invoices, or other business papers of French merchants or manufacturers will be canceled, and that any agent without an exequatur who commits this offense will be expelled from French territory. Those would be extreme measures, to be adopted only as a last resort. The Chamber has also suggested that the Government of the United States might prevent customs fraud by exercising the right to purchase at the declared valuation any goods that it suspected of being under-invoiced. We should point out, however, that France formerly exercised that power and abandoned it on account of the serious abuses it invited. The same abuses would inevitably arise sooner or later in the United States.

The president of our National Association of Jewelers and Goldsmiths has made another suggestion to the effect that the American Treasury might obtain its information regarding valuations by applying directly to our Chambers of Commerce, instead of to exporters and manufacturers, and that the latter might make their own investigations. This proposal was discussed not long ago at a meeting of the presidents of the various associations of industries producing and dealing in luxury goods. But it was opposed on

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the ground that it merely shifted the investigation to a new authority, while the members refused to recognize the right of anybody to inquire into their private business.

Last of all, one of our principal commercial reviews, *Les Échos*, advocates a concerted official protest by the principal Powers interested, and recommends retaliatory measures if it does not receive consideration from the American Government. This action has also been recommended by a general meeting of French merchants and manufacturers. At that meeting a representative of our Department of Commerce proposed two measures: first, that something be done immediately to render more tolerable the activities of American Treasury agents, such as arranging to have information furnished by a Central Committee instead of by individual firms. Next he proposed that France, in coöperation with the other European Powers, bring friendly pressure to bear upon the Government of the United States to withdraw these agents. He thought that our friends across the Atlantic would realize, if joint action were taken in the matter, that their own interests demanded concessions on their part. The question must be discussed on a purely business basis, putting all sentimentality aside. If our efforts at an amicable settlement prove futile, we should be forced as a last resort to take retaliatory measures, especially against American goods entering our country. We should be quite justified in doing so if we could show that American exporters were treated with decidedly more consideration in France than French exporters are in America.

In fact, this difference in treatment goes far to explain why the value of North American products imported into France has almost doubled since 1913, rising from $146,000,000 to $281,000,000, while French exports to the United States have remained almost stationary, being only $147,000,000 to-day as compared with $136,000,000 before the war. American duties are very high, and practically exclude many of our products. For example, our exports of handmade lace to the United States have fallen off by one half. It is easy to see that these high rates of duty, plus the inquisitorial procedure of American agents in France, represent a very serious handicap to our trade.

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A PARIS CHAUFFEUR'S STORY [1]

BY PROFESSOR ACHILLE MESTRE

[THIS article records an actual conversation. Its author is Professor of Constitutional Law of the Faculté de Droit of Paris University.]

'I BEG pardon, Professor, I can't take a tip. I attended your lectures last year, and I shall present myself for examination to you the first of next year.'

I studied more carefully the face of the chauffeur who had brought me home, and recognized under his professional cap one of my students. He was a very young fellow of attractive appearance, who seemed much amused at the adventure. In recognition of his courtesy, I invited him to dinner the next day.

'I trust you will permit me to leave a little early,' he said, 'for I shall have to report for duty.'

What follows is a literal record of our conversation the next evening.

'I wish to become a lawyer. Law interests me. But how was a young man like me, the son of a poor officer without independent means and the oldest of five sons, to live in Paris away from his family? No one can imagine the miracles of economy and ingenuity of which my mother is capable. I could never have brought myself to ask aid from my parents. After I had finished the secondary school, I learned from one of my relatives how to run an automobile, and took out a driver's license. It was one day when driving that the solution of my problem suddenly popped into my mind. I said to myself: "I'll take my law course at Paris all on my own, without costing anyone a sou — I'll get a job as chauffeur." And the idea worked out all right.'

'But how do you get time to study and attend your courses?'

'Well, let me tell you how I arrange my day. I run my taxi every night from 10 P.M. to 7 A.M. It is not so tiresome as you might imagine, when you have good meals and sleep well. After my work is done I go to my lodgings and change my clothes, and then get a hearty breakfast at a little hotel in the neighborhood. Promptly at half-past eight I am at the Law School, feeling fresh and ready for work. Since I always get to the classroom early, I invariably find a good seat and my notes are complete. At noon, after my three lectures, I leave the school, eat a good dinner, and go to bed, sleeping until 8 P.M.'

'But how do you prepare for your examinations?'

'I'll have to admit that I 've been a little rushed this year. But I 've a good memory. More than that, my notebooks are complete and up to date. They are a great assistance. There are many times during the night when I have a long wait at Montmartre or other places. At such times I park near an electric lamp and review my notes and do other studying. Just before the end of the term I stop work for a month and cram for examinations.

[1] From *Le Figaro Hebdomadaire* (Paris Radical-Party weekly), *November* 25

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But the law-examiners are fearfully strict. I was conditioned in July, but I managed to get through the other day on a new trial. So I 'm ready to start the second year, and intend to keep on as a taxi-driver.'

'So you 're succeeding in both lines?'

'Why, yes; I 'm a regular Crœsus. Would you believe it? Between the first of November, 1924, and the first of November, 1925, I earned seventeen thousand francs.'

'A good deal more than a law-instructor!'

'Yes, and I 'd have earned even more if I had n't knocked off two months and a half for my examinations and a little vacation. I 'm tremendously fond of the theatre, and last summer I wanted to see the new plays of Français, and also Molière and Musset. Professor, have you seen that magnificent *Fantasio?* It 's a marvel. Fresnay and Bertin are splendid in it!'

'Yes, I saw it, and I share your enthusiasm. But you must live like a king on an income of seventeen thousand francs.'

'No, because I 'm naturally economical. Besides, I don't want to outshine my less fortunate fellow students. I live the way they do, on seven hundred francs a month.'

'So you are able to save about eighty-five hundred francs.'

'No, because I am sending home five hundred francs a month. I 'm earning more than my father, and he has three young folks to feed, clothe, and educate. In October I had altogether two thousand francs saved up. What could I do with it? I bought a Government bond guaranteed against depreciation. So I have those two thousand francs on hand. I have loaned them to the country. As long as the Government needs them I think I can live without them. Besides, you see, I 'm not paying taxes. The assessors have overlooked me.'

'And you expect to keep on like this?'

'Sure! But I don't want to fail at my examinations. So I shall stop work for two months beginning May 15. I can keep up my courses regularly until then, and do my work the best I can. But from the fifteenth of May to the fifteenth of July I shall devote all my time to my studies. If I pass, I 've got a little plan in mind — to make a two weeks' trip to Italy, in August. I want to see Florence.'

'You surprise me! How can you manage it?'

'Quite simply. Here is my budget for 1926: income, nine months and a half at seventeen hundred francs makes sixteen thousand, one hundred and fifty francs in all; expenses for twelve months at seven hundred francs makes eighty-four hundred. Then I shall send home six thousand francs. My Italian trip will cost me about seventeen hundred and fifty francs. It will be enough for me, for I don't care for sleeping-cars and tourist hotels. But I am afraid I shan't be able to subscribe to the next loan.'

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted when the clock struck half-past eight. My young chauffeur had to hurry off to change his clothes and get to his place of employment.

He left me pondering a little blankly on the strange times in which we live — a chauffeur refusing a tip, studying law, subscribing for government bonds, following the best plays at the theatre, planning a trip to Florence, and sending a snug sum home to his father every month!

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MARSHAL LYAUTEY: CONSTRUCTIVE COLONIAL STATESMAN [1]

BY W. L. MIDDLETON

[AN important and unique chapter in French colonial history ended with the events that brought Marshal Lyautey back to France and put the former Governor-General of Algiers in his place. This article is particularly interesting as a British appreciation of the successful labors of a man of another nation in a field where the British acknowledge few rivals.]

THE resignation of Marshal Lyautey removes from the scene of his work one more figure in the great line of colonial administrators. In thirteen years he has conquered, pacified, and largely organized for economic life a country four fifths the size of France. His splendid energy, self-sacrificing, inspired, ruthless as that of a creative artist, has overcome a multitude of obstacles to reach its aims. He would doubtless have preferred to leave at a time when nothing could put in doubt the perfection of his achievement. A proud spirit longs to finish *en beauté*. But the troubles that have clouded his last days in the French Protectorate were not provoked by his administration. The blame for them must be shared among the authors of the treaties touching Morocco, the long succession of governors of the Spanish zone, and Abd-el-Krim. As a highly competent observer recently wrote, the wonder is, not that a few border tribes revolted, but that the rest of Morocco stood firm and loyal to France. That was a triumphant proof of Marshal Lyautey's prestige.

When General Lyautey, at the age of fifty-seven, became the first Resident-General of the Protectorate, the only part of the country that was occupied was a broad hinterland behind Casablanca and a tongue of land stretching eastward to Fez. The old capital was practically besieged on the day after his arrival. North, south, and east he had to conquer before he could govern. He had to deal with an astonishing variety of contrasting races and conditions — with the restless tribes of the plains south of Mekinez, the great feudal lords of Marrakesh, who remain like a dream of the Middle Ages, with the polished Mussulman society of Fez and Mekinez, and the untamed Berber clans of the Middle Atlas and the North.

Similar complex problems have been faced in history with equal courage, but rarely with equal imagination. The conqueror was endowed with apparently conflicting qualities which, in delicate equilibrium, fitted him to be at once soldier and administrator. Tall, slim, he had the soldierly dignity of a ruler; but his long, nervous hands were the hands of an artist. Strong and sensitive, he was firm in his choice of great ends to achieve, and supple in the use of means. An almost tyrannously exacting master, he positively

[1] From the *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), *November*

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insisted, nevertheless, on initiative in his subordinates. A man of action, he was patient with, and came to love, the roundabout Mussulman palaver. In spite of the power and authority that showed in all his policy, he kept his mind so open that persons who talked with him sometimes left with the impression that he was indecisive.

There was something mystical in his nature to which must be attributed his singular affinity with the Mussulman mind. The display of affection with which the Moors of Fez the other day wished him good-bye was quite genuine. It was not only that he was a lettered man interested in the ways of thinking of those he governed. He had the eyes of a dreamer. With M. Poincaré he had the burning patriotism of the Lorrainer, but, like another child of Lorraine, he heard Voices to which M. Poincaré is deaf. For all his fine friendships, there was an inner being in him that was solitary. In the frontier camps, after the day's work was done, his officers grew accustomed to seeing his silhouette and lighted cigarette in the darkness as he strolled about meditating on new plans. He worked and thought late after his colleagues were in bed. On one occasion at Rabat, after a long evening's conversation with an intimate friend, he suddenly rose at midnight, ordered horses to be saddled, and rode about the silent countryside for two hours.

Apart from all questions of personal qualities, the sending of Lyautey to Morocco was one of those miraculous strokes of policy that give to a soldier and a statesman the opportunity for which every professional instinct in him, every bit of his experience, has been calling. In 1894, at the age of forty, Lyautey had been sent to Tonkin as assistant chief of the General Staff. There was then going on, under the inspiring direction of Gallieni, — the Gallieni who long afterward sent soldiers out in taxicabs from Paris to help win the battle of the Ourcq, — the remarkable campaign of conquest and pacification that ended by suppressing brigandage and establishing order on the Chinese frontier. It was this military utilitarianism, the employment of an army not merely to defeat enemies in the field but to conciliate, to construct politically, that fired Lyautey. 'What a pity,' he wrote in December 1894, 'that I did not come here ten years sooner. What careers could be founded and pursued! There is not here a single humble lieutenant, commander of a post or of a reconnoitring detachment, who does not develop in six months more initiative, will, endurance, personality, than an officer in France in the whole of his career. And what maturity is gained, what contact with realities, with the practical and fruitful! If I do not dare to hope to start a fresh career here, I can, far from the Cavalerie, from Paris, at last forget.'

No more enthusiastic record has ever been written of work done in obscure corners of the world, work as fruitful as it was unrecognized, than the letters that Lyautey sent home to his friends describing, almost as in a diary, the small details and great aims of the campaign. At that time, for Lyautey and for those who thought with him, England was, in colonial policy, at once the admirable model and the feared competitor. One of his correspondents wrote back to him in 1896: 'If you and I were English, I know what I should wish for you, and for that it would be necessary that Tonkin should be a colony managed in the English fashion. I should wish you to be the thinking and acting soul of it.' The writer, little knowing how prophetic his words were, saw Lyautey as one fitted by nature to become 'the

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Man of a young colony, the creator of a new country.'

Lyautey had had previous colonial experience, African experience. He had been in Algeria from 1880 to 1887 as a young lieutenant, and he was to return in 1903 for a series of campaigns on the Sahara border and in Eastern Morocco. In 1908 he was even sent on a military mission of inquiry to Casablanca. But it was the Tonkin period and the immediately succeeding experience in Madagascar, whither he followed Gallieni in 1897, that fixed his ideal. He was athirst for colonial action, not merely for its own sake, but because he thought that France, 'swaying between the utopianisms of one party and the snobbisms of the other,' had unconsciously need of 'a team of men of action' as a stimulus to national endeavor.

His appointment as Resident-General of Morocco was, therefore, very far from resembling a routine promotion: it was the satisfaction of a supreme ambition. His success must be measured by the extent to which his deliberately chosen aims were achieved, and also by the difficulties encountered. The thirteen years of his rule were years of war as well as of peaceful construction. In public works alone the progress has been remarkable. The construction of two thousand miles of motor roads, the building of three hundred miles of railways of normal gauge and one thousand miles of military railways, the making of a port for ocean-going ships at Casablanca, the creation of the port of Kenitra — these may serve as examples of what has been done. The population of Casablanca grew from 4000 in 1907 to 110,000 in 1917. The total value of foreign trade in 1907 was 70,000,000 francs; in 1923 it was more than 1,000,000,000 francs.

But these material facts, important as they are, do not give a true measure of the work of the Protectorate Government. Before Morocco could begin to take full advantage of her agricultural and commercial resources the native social and political life had to be reëstablished. It is this restoration that has been the real work of Marshal Lyautey. He has not thrust French institutions or ideas on the people or mercilessly pulled down the old to make way for the new. Rabat, Mekinez, and Marrakesh, where the European towns are being built outside the boundaries of the old native cities, are fitting emblems of the 'policy of association' that applies to the whole régime. The main organs of government are French, but those that deal with the deep-rooted customs of religion and traditional law are staffed by natives, and all that the French officials do is to supervise.

Characteristically, the Resident-General has surrounded the Sultan, as representing what Bagehot called the theatrical element in the Constitution, with a pomp of ceremonial recalling the magnificence of the best days of the Shereefian Empire. The whole Moorish hierarchy not only remains intact, but has been treated with the most solemn respect. The rule that the sanctity of mosques shall not be violated by unbelievers has been rigidly enforced. Marshal Lyautey was once himself invited by a Mussulman dignitary to set foot within one of these holy places of Islam, but refused. 'You do this honor to me,' he said, 'but someone who comes after me to whom you might not wish to offer it might take my action as a precedent.'

So completely did the régime of the Protectorate rest on the acceptance and confidence of the governed that a visitor to the country might travel for scores of miles without seeing a sign of armed authority. It was, indeed, the

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first essential of the method of pacification that no tract of unoccupied country should be brought effectively within the Protectorate until everything was prepared to ensure its orderliness. Every military post in the lines that constituted the boundaries of the Proctectorate at any given moment was at once a fort, a market, and the home of a political officer who kept himself in touch with the neighboring tribes. Ethnography was as much considered as geography, and in normal cases an advance of the line enclosed some new political unit assured in advance of conditions in which it could pursue its natural way of life in peace. Where such methods failed, force was used. The line itself was a decisive barrier, a protection for the subdued tribes against the unsubdued. The army was, in short, a military force equipped with means for installing a political organization in the region it proceeded to occupy. It was, in Marshal Lyautey's phrase, *une organisation en marche.*

The home Government, never very enthusiastically interested in colonial affairs, was mainly concerned to hold the purse-strings, and Marshal Lyautey took good care that beyond the military expenditure Morocco should cost very little. When, after five months of the Protectorate, he went to France to explain his method of slow and more or less pacific conquest, there were many who doubted and some who even laughed. His success gave him so independent a position that he was able, far more easily than an ordinary Governor-General, to make his own plans and carry them out.

In Morocco he was the master. He recruited his civil service, not from the ordinary reservoir of French officialdom, but rather in the manner of the British Indian Civil Service, for which he had an ungrudging admiration. His young men were chosen from what might be called the governing class, men of a good general education. For the same reason he was not called upon, at any rate until quite recently, to coördinate his policy with that of Algeria and Tunisia. In this position of individual responsibility he exacted from his assistants the same self-sacrifice, the same subordination to the great ends of his policy, that he gave himself. He took all the risks of leaving the Grand Kaids of the South in possession of their ancient feudal powers, though they might and did abuse them. They have at any rate ensured tranquillity, if not progress, in that region. He personally directed that strange mixture of war and negotiation that has marked the operations on the edge of the Middle Atlas and on the northern frontier, where the curious code of the Berber tribes is consistent with their being enemies one day and friends the next. On the fringes this picturesque kind of bargaining is not yet quite finished, but over the great expanse of Morocco the main business is done. The Moroccan system is set up firmly.

In spite of the shock of the Riffi invasion, the system thus created has held together. As for the events of this year, nobody, assuredly, can regret them as much as the late Resident-General. His method had only the minimum of war in it. When it was known that he was to visit the Colonial Exhibition at Marseille in 1922 and the Reception Committee was discussing the form of welcome that should be given him, a general of another school said: 'If you want to give him something he is not used to, fire cannon.' Lyautey disliked both the carnage and the waste of war. The total cost of the military operations in Morocco from 1907 to 1923 was 4,000,000,000 francs, of which 2,500,000,000 francs would in any case have been paid as garrison expenses wherever the troops had been.

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It will be interesting to know how far short of the net expenditure of 1,500,000,000 francs the cost of a single season's war in 1925 will turn out to be.

Marshal Lyautey's policy for the northern frontier for many years had been to leave unoccupied a wide margin to the south of the Spanish zone. Even the important town of Wezzan, near the present French front, was not occupied until 1920. Last year, in anticipation of the Riffi menace, the Resident-General ordered the establishment of a line of posts north of the Wergha that would carry the front to a greater distance from the highly sensitive point of Fez. Whether this measure was purely defensive or not, General de Chambrun's report on last year's operations shows that it was known that Abd-el-Krim would resent it. It was calculated, however, that the line of posts would hold an attack if one were made. The suddenness of the attack of last spring, and the extent of the revolt among the border tribes that accompanied it, disappointed that expectation. For the first time in the history of the pacification of Morocco a post was taken by assault and a column carrying supplies to another post was unable to reach its destination. Such incidents contributed to spread the rebellion, the posts on the Wergha became islands in a sea of revolt, and in face of the impossibility of sustaining them all it was decided to abandon the line.

There is scarcely any doubt that the military staff of the Resident-General, admirable for the purposes of the regular campaigns of pacification, was incapable of dealing with the problems of a war on the scale of that which is now going on. But Morocco had become so used to looking after itself, both in civil and military affairs, that the staff was jealous of interference. The Government finally took the strong action of sending out Marshal Pétain and insisting that he should have undisputed control of the operations. This meant that the Resident-General was deprived in effect of the military functions conferred on him by the decree of 1912, and his resignation followed almost as a matter of course. As for the question of responsibilities, Marshal Lyautey is sheltered from all criticism in respect of the general mismanagement of the question of the Rif. He was not responsible for the colossal stupidity that resulted in the arming of Abd-el-Krim's forces as no Moroccan tribes have ever been armed before. Although he probably received private communications from the Riffi leader, he could not negotiate with any respect for the treaties or for Spain. The only possible ground on which he could be criticized is that of the preparation which he made to meet the invasion. There is evidence that he foresaw the main danger and probably to its full extent. He asked for reënforcements for February and got them, but the further reënforcements that he wanted for April were not sent in time owing to the Cabinet crisis in France. In any case, the events on the northern frontier, the result of international complications, did not seriously damage the main edifice of the Protectorate that his genius had so patiently erected.

His passing is the end of an epoch for Morocco. The country will never again have a French governor of his school. The making of the Protectorate was so much his personal work that his position approached that of a *grand seigneur* in his *domaine*. Governors of Algeria changed, but he remained. Governments in France came and went, but left him very much alone, sometimes from the old indifference to colonial enterprise and sometimes from confidence. He gave Morocco an aristocratic look. There was something in the

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care with which he preserved the ancient beauties of architecture, in the grace with which he brought the French spirit into relation with the Mussulman, that made the Protectorate like a work of art lovingly designed. The France he brought to Morocco was a France independent of the particular régime by which it is governed. His patriotism, like that of many other fine spirits, distinguished France, the *patrie*, from the republics and monarchies that succeeded each other in the nineteenth century. In the gesture with which, on the outbreak of the European war, he refused to withdraw all troops and European residents to the coast as the Government in its alarm ordered him to do, there was something of this imperious patriotism. 'I will hold Morocco for France,' he telegraphed in reply, and made good his word.

MEETING A SYRIAN PRELATE [1]

BY MYRIAM HARRY

It was at Tiberias on a perfect, sunny morning. Below under the hotel balcony arches of greenery spanned the street and flags floated from the windows. Bustling maids, jingling their coin necklaces and clacking their wooden sandals on the floor, shouted as they leaned over the balustrade: *Sayid el batvak! Sayid el batvak!* — Monseigneur the Patriarch.

Just then a gorgeous vision of gold and purple rounded the corner of the street leading from the railway station, followed by a party of solemn priests wearing tall, black, cylindrical hats and intoning an unfamiliar chant. From every point of vantage crowds shouted frantically *Youyou* with such an ecstasy of joy that I saw the fishing-boats on Lake Galan dip their sails, and was surprised that no repentant Magdalen preceded the advancing procession, whirling in some wild sacred dance.

The column disappeared in the narrow alleys of the old Jewish city under the curious stare of a party of recently arrived Zionists, and proceeded toward the Mekhitarist Chapel on the other side of Tiberias.

Vanishing behind the modest iconostasis where the Sacred Mystery was celebrated, the Patriarch reappeared a moment later in all the glory of his terrestrial splendor, to read the Evangels in Arabic, in a cousin tongue to that in which were pronounced at the other end of the Lake nineteen centuries ago the first eternal words of brotherly love.

After the Mass was over, Monseigneur Cadi withdrew to the little garden beside the church and seated himself under an olive tree. A tall black mitre and a crape veil added a funereal touch to his robe, which was almost too pontifical, and to his cross, which was almost too princely. There the parishioners defiled past him — humble merchants and artisans of Tiberias wearing the *gombaz* and tarboosh, countrymen from Galan across

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily), *November* 17

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the Lake, shepherds and laborers clad as they were in the time of Jesus. Now and then one of these would stammer a few words, whereupon the Patriarch would bend his head, listen attentively, and answer briefly in a gentle voice, and the humble questioner would go his way, his rugged peasant's face glowing with an angelic radiance.

I gazed beneath the fronds of the palm trees upon the Lake of Galilee, its softly rounded hills, and its red cliffs at Taricheæ. From the opposite direction a sailboat glided past from the Jewish colony of Magdala, bearing a party of Zionist pioneers singing Hebrew songs. The Patriarch straightened up and listened. Just the suspicion of a shadow flashed across the prelate's serene countenance, and the gentle hand tugged for a moment at his venerable beard.

The second time I met the Patriarch was at Damascus on his fête day. Long Street, the only thoroughfare running through the city, the famous street called The Straight of the Bible, was alive with hurrying carriages, the coachmen standing almost erect like chariot-drivers and cracking their whips sharply in the air. They were already returning from the distant Christian quarter in spite of the earliness of the hour. Their occupants wore every conceivable sort of headgear — for that is emblematic in Syria: hats, tarbooshes, kepis, turbans, calpacs, and *kalimafkons*. I feared, therefore, that we should be too late for the Patriarch's reception. But when we had penetrated the protective tangle of narrow streets around the cathedral, where Mekhitarist houses cluster, we found the entrance of the prelate's residence still wide open.

Passing through a vaulted gateway crowded with gaudily uniformed servants and a vestibule thronged with priests, we reached a typical delightful Damascus courtyard, where flowers and trees alternated with tiled pavements and the jet of a fountain splashed drowsily. In a long lofty reception hall, ending in a raised platform adorned with many-colored marbles, the Patriarch received us, surrounded by brilliantly garbed priests. He had exchanged his kalimafkon, with its long crape veil, for a little cardinal's cap that set off his clear-cut, aristocratic features, which were worthy of a great prince of the Church. He spoke French with an almost Parisian accent, adding to his Latin fluency a pleasing Oriental delicacy of utterance, and accompanying his phrases with graceful, careless gestures.

The fragrance of the roses and the orange trees in the courtyard entered through the open window, and the drowsy plashing of the never-silent fountain murmured in our ears. Two visitors still remained — the Chief Rabbi in a silk caftan and an elaborate black turban, and an Arab clergyman in European garb, except for his tarboosh.

'I am sorry you did not come a little earlier,' said the Patriarch. 'You would have met the Grand Pontiff of the Druses. You see, Syria is a mosaic of confessions, held together by the cement of courtesy. These gentlemen have come to congratulate me on my birthday. I reciprocate by paying them ceremonial visits on their religious holidays.'

After the Chief Rabbi and the clergyman had departed, I remarked that I did not know there were Arab Protestants. 'They form one more fragment in your religious mosaic, then?'

'Two, for we have Evangelical and Anglican Arabs. The latter have multiplied rapidly since the collapse of Russia, which has weakened the hold of

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the Orthodox Church. Yes, there are a great many of them here, and in general they are hostile to the French mandate. Their Rector, Selim, and I have many religious arguments.'

New visitors arrived, princes and emirs. An attendant served the conventional sweetmeats, and a young priest passed around cigarettes.

The Patriarch recalled his unhappy exile in Anatolia during the war, and the troublous days when Feisal, whose bitter opponent he was, marched on the city. The Christian quarter at that time was crowded with refugees, who flocked in from the neighboring country, many of them absolutely destitute, having left behind them in their hasty flight everything they owned. The Moslem mob threatened to massacre them, and actually began to pillage the Armenian quarter. But the Mohammedans themselves — at the order of King Feisal, to do him justice — protected them. A little later the French reached the city.

'But let us not talk of such gloomy subjects,' said the Patriarch. 'Those spectres are banished forever.' And sipping another cup of coffee he continued with a charming smile: 'When I came back from my exile I was offered a magnificent piece of property, in the higher part of the city, for almost nothing. But I did n't dare to buy it. I did n't dare to leave our old low-lying quarter here, with its malaria and humidity, and move out among the Mohammedans. For the vision of massacre still haunted me. Perhaps I was wrong. It would have been a beautiful site for a college, and is worth ten times to-day what they asked for it after the war.'

'Yes, it was a bargain, all right,' said a banker who had dropped in a minute before; 'but I would not have dared to take it. You never can tell. Do you know, Madame,' turning to me, 'thirty years ago we Christians did not dare to wear European clothes. Even to-day under your French mandate we hesitate to wear hats. The people of Damascus favor the tarboosh, and so we still cling to that. Thank heavens, though, we can have arms and horses, and even automobiles. But there was a time when my father, being discovered on horseback, with a gun across his back, was forced to dismount and walk beside the animal holding the stirrup for a truculent Islamite. It was difficult to get a permit even to bury our dead, and when one was granted it read as follows: "Authorization to dispose of dog of a Christian So-and-So." That was the situation right here in Damascus. You can imagine what it was out in the country, where the people were still more fanatical.'

'Yes,' chimed in the prelate, becoming reminiscent again, 'we were not permitted to have bells in our churches, or even to worship in the daytime. All our services were at night, in order not to offend our Mussulman neighbors. We keep up that custom even to-day. Our marriages are celebrated at midnight, and our High Masses end at sunrise.'

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IN THE SPANISH FOREIGN LEGION. I[1]

BY FRANZ THÄLE

In May 1924 Germany was in the throes of a fearful unemployment crisis. I walked the streets of Hamburg seeking a job in vain. My last coppers were spent. At a time when I did n't know where to turn for my next meal, an acquaintance told me that young German recruits were wanted for the Spanish police force. That looked like a providential opening to me. Spain had always been Germany's friend, and I was an experienced police officer with a good service-record.

So I applied immediately at the Spanish Consulate, where I was referred to the Vice-Consul for information. At first that gentleman studied me with critical reserve, but after seeing my service documents he became more communicative. He told me that Spain had a constabulary force in Morocco, organized on the model of the German *Schutzpolizei*, and officered largely by Germans. If I cared to join it I should be assured of good treatment and good care. The hospitals had German surgeons. In general, he painted the service to me in glowing colors. I stood a good chance of promotion as soon as I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Spanish. If I enlisted for five years, my pay would be two pesetas daily, plus seven hundred pesetas enlistment money, and ten thousand pesetas at the end of my service.

These brilliant financial prospects, and a letter from an alleged Lieutenant Köhler of the German army which was shown me, dissipated my last doubts, and I agreed to join.

On May 20 I appeared by appointment at the private residence of the Vice-Consul, where I found several other young Germans on the same errand as my own. They were mostly men out of work, and came from all parts of the country. We were called one by one into a private office, where we were given a superficial physical examination by a gentleman who represented himself as a Spanish surgeon, and were asked to sign two documents. The first was in Spanish, and I could not read it; but the second was in German, and was an enlistment form for entering the Schutzpolizei. As soon as I had signed I was told that I was to present myself at the Consulate the next morning, where I should receive a passport and ticket to Spain on the German steamer Baden.

With these papers and a dollar pocket money, I was on hand at the wharves bright and early next day. There I found the Vice-Consul waiting to wish us a pleasant journey. Our tickets entitled us to third-class cabin passage. Many of our fellow passengers were emigrants leaving for South America. The trip to La Coruña lasted five days. The food and accommodations on board the steamer were excellent. Our party of recruits consisted of seven Germans, one Austrian, and three American sailors.

We eleven men were landed promptly

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Conservative daily), *October* 31, *November* 7

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in a tender without passport or customs formalities. Several police officials marched us through the staring crowd to our first destination on shore. It was all new and intensely interesting. We were led through a tangle of streets and alleys, arriving after a twenty-minute walk at the barracks of the Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment. An officer welcomed us with '*Viva Alemania,*' after which we were directed to the dining-room. The meal consisted of several courses, but was prepared with oil and was not very palatable. Several Spanish soldiers visited us in our dormitory and tried to talk with us by sign language. A little later they took us over to the canteen. Their cordial reception and good Spanish wine dissipated my last doubts.

Next morning an officer informed us that we were to proceed at once to Madrid. Each man received a duro, or five pesetas, and two police officials escorted us to the station. Thereupon we began a glorious trip through beautiful Spain. The police officials pointed out places of special interest and were most cordial and accommodating. At León and Monforte, where we made longer stops, we were served warm meals, brought to us by soldiers from the garrison. I was astonished at the number of courses and the liberal ration of wine. After thirty-six hours' traveling we reached Madrid. Here again we were received in the same kindly manner. The next morning we resumed our trip and traveled nearly two days more through beautiful country before reaching Algeciras.

At that southern port, directly across the bay from Gibraltar, we remained a short time before embarking for Ceuta, a Spanish port in Morocco. When we reached the latter point we were promptly hustled off to the barracks, and learned, to our astonishment and dismay, that we were expected to serve in the Spanish Foreign Legion. That body was organized in 1920. Its nucleus consists of Spanish criminals whose prison term has been commuted to service in the Legion. The remainder are offscourings of all nations, shady characters from every land, and victims of unscrupulous recruiters. They form the storm troops of Spain in its fight against the Riffi. Privates are enlisted for four or five years, but comparatively few survive the unhealthy climate and the enemy bullets for that period.

The Legion consisted of seven *banderas*, each including three companies of infantry, numbering at full strength one hundred and fifty men each, one machine-gun company, a training-camp, and a convalescent hospital. The total force embraces about six thousand men, of whom some thirteen hundred are Germans, mostly induced to enlist by false representations.

At the recruiting office we were again examined, more or less superficially, photographed, and issued uniforms. That night we were sent out to the training-camp at Dar-Riffi, half an hour's railway journey from Ceuta on the Mediterranean Coast. There we were shown our bunks in the barracks and our duties were sketched out to us in a general way by a German instructor. We now knew definitely that we had landed in the Legion. Our indignant protests were in vain. We were caught and condemned to this hell on earth for five years. We found several other Germans here, who, like ourselves, had been enticed by false promises from Hamburg. They all cursed roundly the men who had deceived them, but were helpless. Some of those I met were seventeen- and eighteen-year-old boys, still immature and physically unfit for such exacting service, who sought consolation for their troubles in the Spanish wine.

We were awakened by a bugle call at

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six o'clock in the morning. It was a ten-minute walk to the brook that provided our only washing-place. Our food was abundant. We had coffee in the morning; soup, fish, meat, and vegetables at noon; and the same menu at night except for the soup. But everything was cooked in greasy oil, and gave us Germans indigestion. We also received three white rolls daily. One could hear the language of every country and observe the traits of every nation in our crowded barracks. Some were in despair, bewailing their separation from their families. Others were loud-mouthed desperadoes. Gentlemen of ancient lineage, ex-officers, former estate-owners, escaped criminals, and men driven into the service by hunger, answered at roll call. The moment they got a bit of money they squandered it, since everyone looked forward to an early death.

Our worst tormentors were the sand and the sun. The former made even a ten-minute march an exhausting effort; the latter burned us to the very marrow of our bones. We were drilled from eight to eleven in the morning, and from half-past three until six in the afternoon, learning Spanish commands and tactics from German instructors.

I saw with astonishment that our officers carried heavy canes and riding-whips, which they often used. A German comrade misunderstood a Spanish command and received a sharp cut across the face with the lash. Such mistreatment soon became too familiar to attract notice. Men were placed under military arrest — *pilleton* — for ordinary breaches of discipline, during which they had to work with pick and shovel from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M., laboring throughout the day in the roasting heat of the African sun under the eye of armed guards and keepers carrying heavy sticks. They were given hardly time to bolt their food, which was scanty enough, for they were placed upon half rations during their punishment. At night they were herded into cells so small that all were not able to lie down but some had to sit up or half recline against the walls until morning came with its new tasks. I saw German comrades who crept around mere skeletons after a month in pilleton — to which they had been sentenced at the mere caprice of an officer, or for a most trivial offense.

Let me cite two examples of Spanish justice. One day an orange issued to a German comrade at dinner was so rotten that he could not eat it. The officer in command of the detachment saw him throw it away. He commanded the Legionary to eat it. That was not a proper order to give, and the man refused. Without saying another word, the officer pulled out his service pistol and shot the man, wounding him severely, so that he was in the hospital for a long period.

About noon one day three Portuguese deserters were brought into camp by native policemen. We all went out into the parade ground to see what would happen. Some thirty of my German comrades witnessed the cruel mistreatment of the men and commented upon it to each other. A passing officer observed the disgusted look on the Germans' faces, ordered all thirty to circle the parade ground at double quick in the hot sun, while several sergeants with loaded rifles stood in the centre with instructions to shoot anyone who lagged behind. The men were kept at this for half an hour, until three had fallen to the ground unconscious. The entire garrison was then ordered under barrack arrest for the evening.

One day two of my German comrades who had attempted to desert were brought in by natives eager to get the reward of one hundred or two hundred

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pesetas for each person captured. The two men were tied together in the parade ground and soundly flogged by a sergeant. After they had been beaten to insensibility, they were left lying on the ground in the blazing sun, bound and without food all that day, and also throughout the chill of the following night. The next morning the whole garrison was paraded in order to hear their sentence. It was that the unhappy fellows should be stripped and tied to a post in the sun all day long, besides receiving in the presence of the entire detachment sixty lashes, given by a sergeant of the pilleton. Before the twentieth blow the men were bleeding profusely, but that did not prevent their receiving their full toll of punishment. Long before it was completed both hung unconscious by their bonds. About six o'clock they were unbound and turned over to three months' pilleton service. We had to watch this abuse of our countrymen in silence, but with clenched fists and gritting teeth.

That is the way the men were regularly treated in the Legion. We were slaves, helpless in the hands of our officers. After we had spent eight days in the training-camp, we were taken to a surgeon to be inoculated against fever. The injections were given in the back. The 'surgeon' — a mere hospital orderly — who made the injections never sterilized his needle, but used the same one on all the men, regardless of the fact that many of them, especially the Spanish criminals whose sentence had been commuted to Legion service, were fairly putrid with venereal diseases. Many of my German comrades came down with fever after the very injection that was intended to protect them from it.

Our letters were strictly censored, and many never reached us. We had no way of telling at the time what ones had been destroyed. Fourteen days after I reached the camp I received an installment of three hundred and fifty pesetas upon the enlistment money for which I had unwittingly sold myself into this appalling slavery.

Late in June we heard rumors of heavy fighting in the Wadi Lau district, where the Riffi had captured several positions from the Spaniards. We therefore expected to be ordered immediately to the front. At last, on the twenty-ninth of June, word came to depart. Each man received two hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, and we were hurriedly loaded on to trucks and rushed off to entrain for the sector where the Spaniards had been forced to evacuate a large tract of territory with heavy loss of life.

On the trains we were packed thirty or forty men in a small freight-car. For a time we rode along the border of the Mediterranean toward Tetuán. The barren mountainous landscape, with its rare native villages, was sufficient evidence of the poverty of the country. Shortly before reaching Tetuán, the capital of Spanish Morocco, our route diverged to the left toward Rio Martin. By contrast this fertile valley seemed a little paradise. White houses glistened amid the verdure of fig orchards and olive groves. Wild, gullied heights crowded in on the right, marking the boundary of the country held by the Riffi. We stopped near a small harbor and were marched out to a bivouac. Here a roll and sardines in oil were issued to each man, after which we promptly wrapped up in our blankets and went to sleep on the sand. We had orders to march at dawn. The rumble of a cannonade echoed from the hills ahead. We were lightered out to a war vessel, the Reina Victoria Eugenia. The men on board told us that the Moorish tribes in the Wadi Lau district had suddenly revolted and had captured several Spanish posts and block-

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houses, which it would be our business to recover.

After about four hours' journey down the coast, we entered a bay surrounded by cliffs, at the head of which was Wadi Lau, our destination. Here we sighted a large military camp crowded with troops representing every arm of the service, including the first and fifth banderas of the Foreign Legion. There were native soldiers as well as Spaniards, and artillery, infantry, and engineering units of the regular army. The bay is about two miles wide, and is hemmed in on both sides by high plateaus and mountains, which were occupied by the enemy.

Early next morning our long column of troops wound up the valley like an endless serpent. The ground was either heavy sand or else encumbered with boulders, so that marching was difficult. Thickets of thorns and thistles also hindered our advance. We soon reached a few native huts that had been bombarded by the guns from the ships. Festering corpses of men and mules were scattered about, infecting the air with their intolerable stench. No enemy was in sight, but we could hear in the distance a steady *pak-kun*, the double report of the Arab rifles. The sun burned unmercifully, and we were tortured by thirst. Our footgear consisted of light canvas shoes with rope soles called *alpargatas*, and at every step the sharp stones and thorns pierced them. Finally we halted in a little grove by a ruined native village, and a small roll and a tiny piece of salty sausage were issued to each man. But we forgot our hunger and thirst in the excitement of the coming combat.

Suddenly orders were shouted and we were formed for attack. We could hear close at hand the sharp *tak-tak* of the machine-guns and the thunder of artillery, punctuated by the monotonous *pak-kun* of the enemy riflemen. Our objective was Koba-dossa, a Spanish fort which the Riffi had been besieging for eight days, and from which distress signals were flying. We advanced at first by detours under the cover of mountains and cliffs. Then we had to charge across a little plain and up a narrow brook valley to the summit of the hill about twelve hundred feet high, where the fort was situated. Already we could hear the whistling of the enemy bullets. We were ordered to fix bayonets. Our thoughts involuntarily flew back to our parents and friends in our distant homeland. Bearers brought back a corpse with the head blown partly open. What a warning glittered from its glassy eyes! I saw many a blanched countenance. Another command and we rushed forward. The *pak-kuns* rose to a crescendo. Man after man fell, but we kept on up the little valley, tortured by thirst but unable to stop even an instant to slake it at the trickling stream winding at our feet.

We reached the foot of the hill, where we were ordered to halt and wait. Three airplanes appeared to bomb the enemy and dampen his fire. Many motionless bodies dotted the little level across which we had just charged. The groans and shrieks of the wounded reached our ears, but we could not stop to help them. Suddenly the first bomb fell, tossing a great column of smoke and dust in the air. The enemy's rifle fire gradually weakened, and at last was silenced.

Thereupon we made a new rush forward, pushing on through thickets higher than our waists. Dizzy in the broiling sun, tortured by indescribable thirst, we worked our way upward. Suddenly rifles began to crack from every direction, and our men dropped rapidly. The shrieks of the wounded rose higher. With a last effort we made the summit and reached the post. The

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enemy retired, firing scattered shots at our advancing men.

The liberated post presented a horrible spectacle. The members of the garrison, with their long, unkempt hair and unshaven, dirty, hollow-eyed faces, crawled toward us begging with lifted hands for water. Two had died of thirst. One lay with his hands and feet bound — a raving maniac. A mule that had served for carrying water to the garrison had been slaughtered and eaten raw.

The partially destroyed walls and ramparts were rebuilt, after the Legion had advanced sufficiently to protect the laborers from snipers. The garrison was relieved, and that night we returned to our previous bivouac. When we reached the brook we threw ourselves flat on the ground and swallowed the water in great greedy gulps.

Our numerous wounded were given emergency treatment and hurried back to the hospital. Beyond our camp the pilleton was busy digging graves. There was a general roll call and the names of the casualties were stricken from the lists. There the incident of each man's short life was ended. He simply vanished, without further trace, from the records.

Our evening rations consisted of a small portion of half-cooked rice, a piece of pork almost raw, and a tiny roll. Many of the men cast sidelong glances at the officers' mess, from which the enticing odors of what seemed by comparison a sumptuous banquet reached our nostrils. Then men were told off for guard duty, sentries were placed, and we rolled up in our blankets on the sand for a brief respite of oblivion.

MAN'S STRUCTURAL IMPERFECTIONS [1]

BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F. R. S.

[We print below the Lloyd Roberts Lecture given to the Royal Society of Medicine on November 16 by the Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons.]

Between the activities of Archdeacon Paley and those of Élie Metchnikoff lies the greater part of the nineteenth century. At the beginning of that century we find the Archdeacon extolling the perfections of the human body, just as Celsus had done sixteen centuries before him. By the close of the nineteenth century the alert and fearless brain of Élie Metchnikoff had discovered, or believed it had discovered, that the human body was blemished by many imperfections. The evangelist of this new and startling doctrine approached the study of man's body by an untrodden pathway, one made possible by the advancing science of his day. On his arrival at the Institut Pasteur in 1888, being then forty-three years of age, he set himself to investigate the means by which the human body combats and keeps at bay the swarming hosts of microörganisms that find a natural habitat in its internal passages and recesses. He saw man's body as a

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battlefield, — the scene of a perpetual warfare, — and as his investigation proceeded the conviction grew on him that the chances of the body's success were imperiled by a heritage of structures that had become out of date and useless.

In the Wild lecture, given before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester on April 22, 1901, he declared that man 'was being killed by his intestinal flora,' and that his great bowel had not only become useless, but was a positive and continual menace to the rest of his body. He believed that the stomach itself, and also part of the small intestine, could be dispensed with. Early in 1903 appeared *Études sur la Nature Humaine*, in which Metchnikoff greatly extended the list of man's structural imperfections.

Between the times of Paley and of Metchnikoff lie three great discoveries, and we must take note of them if we are to understand how it was possible for the one to praise the perfection of man's structure at the beginning of the nineteenth century and the other to condemn its imperfections at the end. There was first the discovery that man's body was an aggregate or society of living microscopical units. It was Metchnikoff's fortune to approach the study of man's highly complex body through the simpler societies represented by the bodies of the lower invertebrates. It was thus he came by his discovery that certain units of such societies retain their freedom, thus permitting them to serve as scavengers or phagocytes.

In the second place there was Darwin's discovery. Metchnikoff was a convinced evolutionist. He therefore presumed that the alimentary outfit which served in an anthropoid phase of human evolution must be ill-adapted to deal with the dietary of civilized man. There was in the third place Pasteur's discovery, and so far as Metchnikoff's outlook was concerned this was the most potent of the three. It was under the influence of Pasteur's discoveries that Metchnikoff came to think that the destiny of man lay in the issue of the everlasting contest that went on between the living tissues of his body and the invading hosts of microörganisms that threatened them. It is noteworthy that of the three men — Darwin, Pasteur, and Metchnikoff — who revolutionized in the nineteenth century our conception of man's body, and of the struggles to which it is subjected, not one of them was a professed anatomist; the anatomist stood too near to the subject of his study to see it in its true perspective.

Twenty-two years have come and gone since Metchnikoff's studies on *La Nature Humaine* first appeared, and I propose in this lecture to ascertain how far his doctrine of man's structural imperfections and functional disharmonies has stood the test of time. His thesis presumed that Darwin's theory of man's origin was true. That presumption has been supported by every discovery of the present century, and such evidence as we now have justifies us in believing that the rate of man's evolution has been more rapid than has hitherto been supposed.

We realize to-day, more precisely than was possible when Metchnikoff wrote, that the most critical chapter in man's long history opened with the discovery of agriculture, a discovery of but yesterday if we reckon time on a geological scale. Agriculture revolutionized the conditions of human life; it made modern civilization possible. We have reason to believe that this revolution in the condition of man's life was initiated either in Mesopotamia, Egypt, or adjacent lands, not more than eight thousand years ago.

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It is certainly not more than five thousand years ago since agriculture began to be practised in Western Europe. The vast majority of the people of these islands, probably ninety per cent of them, are the descendants of men and women who, two hundred generations ago, were dependent on the natural but precarious harvest that is provided by shore, river, forest, and moorland.

City life is a new experiment for Europeans; most of us who live in London, if we could go back twenty generations, would find an ancestry that was living on the soil and of the soil. And now the poorest of us can add to our dietary produce brought from the ends of the earth. The alimentary system that was evolved to meet the needs of our primitive ancestors has now to accommodate itself to a modern dietary.

Beyond a doubt civilization is submitting the human body to a vast and critical experiment. It is not only the alimentary system that is being subjected to new conditions; the bony and muscular framework of our bodies is being subjected to novel stresses. Of the present manhood of Britain, half earns its bread by muscular labor; the other half lives sedentary lives. Our forefathers when they arrived in Western Europe were hunters; their bodies were unaccustomed to either manual labor or an indoor life. Under the stress of civilization the hunter's body has to serve modern needs. It says much for the adaptability of the human body that it stands these stresses as well as it does. Dr. J. D. Comrie, on examining ten thousand recruits for the army, found that three hundred and sixty-three of them suffered from hernia and one hundred and thirteen from flat-foot. Such breakdowns in the supporting system of the body do not occur with this frequency among hunting peoples. Civilization has laid bare some of the weak points in the human body, but the conditions that have provoked them are not of Nature's ordaining, but of man's choosing.

If modern civilization is making new demands on our bones, muscles, and nerve-controls, it is otherwise with another important system of our bodies. As our manner of living increases in comfort the calls on our heat-regulating mechanism become fewer in number and less urgent in character. Our primitive forefathers lived in the open; their bodies, unhoused and scantily clad, were exposed to sun, rain, wind, and storm. Such a mode of life throws an increasing burden on the machinery that regulates body temperature — on skin, on respiratory mucous membrane, and on that elaborate system of reflexes that control the rate of internal combustion. Modern civilization, so far as temperature is concerned, tends to make the human body a hothouse plant.

Metchnikoff perceived that civilization had plunged man's body into a new environment, and that the rate of its progress had far outstripped the power of adaptional response that had carried man so far beyond the anthropoid stage. A belief grew within him — almost a grudge — that Nature was letting man down. He brought against the evolutionary powers that preside over the destiny of man both sins of omission and sins of commission. When Metchnikoff applied his analytical genius to the problems of man's alimentary system he carried us into the realms where thought becomes the guide to action. 'It would be no longer rash to say,' he wrote in 1903, 'that not only the rudimentary appendix and the cæcum, but the whole of the human large intestine, is superfluous, and that their removal would be attended with happy results.' Since Metchnikoff

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penned this sentence the operation of complete colectomy has been performed on many thousands of men and women, but I do not think that even the surgeons who have performed this operation most frequently and most successfully would maintain that a man or woman who has been rendered colonless enjoys that moderate share of health that falls to the average intact individual. If a finger becomes permanently fixed in an awkward position the hand is improved by the amputation of the offending digit, but the relief thus gained does not restore the hand to its original capacity. The relief afforded by colectomy is of the same kind; the results of that operation in no wise bear out Metchnikoff's doctrine that the colon has become a superfluous organ in man's body.

On the other hand, we have only to consult the pages of the medical press, to listen to tales which reach our ears daily, to note the ever-growing demand for patent purgatives, to be convinced that there is, as Metchnikoff maintained, a grave disharmony between the functional capacities of our great intestine and the dietary which modern civilization has compelled us to adopt. The way out of our difficulties is not to call the colon a useless organ, a 'sewage pipe,' a 'cesspool,' but to discover its original purpose and ascertain how far we can modify our mode of living to suit its inherited capacity. What that capacity is we have yet to discover, for we have no complete or exact knowledge of the uses of the great intestine in any animal whatsoever. So far as the human organ is concerned, surgery has stepped far in advance of physiology.

Since Metchnikoff first promulgated his belief that the appendix, cæcum, and colon had become superfluous organs in man's body our knowledge concerning the evolution of these structures and of certain conditions that regulate their action has increased. That increase of knowledge rehabilitates the ancient belief that Nature in her evolutionary mood exercises not only a surprising ingenuity but also the strictest economy. The ferments and catalysts elaborated by plants for their own use were made to serve in the animal body as vitamins. It was for the purposes of economy that the great bowel came into existence. In fishes, the earliest vertebrate forms known to us in the living state, potent digestive juices have to be produced at the expense of body tissues; with the evolution of land-living, air-breathing forms much of this expenditure was saved by the utilization of bacterial digestion. The great bowel was added to the original intestine for this purpose. Nor must we forget how closely the great intestine is linked to the central nervous system — both by afferent and efferent pathways. When we take all these considerations into account, we must conclude that the great bowel of man is not a useless or superfluous organ, but one which we, in our ignorance, are maltreating.

Darwin regarded the appendix as one of man's vestigial structures, and Metchnikoff accepted this verdict without demur, although there were then anatomists who refused to regard the appendix as a useless structure. An organ which, as numerous anatomical investigations show, increases in length until the twentieth year, or even until the fiftieth, does not merit the name vestigial. The size of the appendix at birth in the various forms of anthropoid apes we do not know, but in adult gorillas, chimpanzees, and orangs the appendix usually attains a length of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty millimetres — nearly double the length of the human appendix. In the most primitive form of anthropoid

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known to us, the gibbon, the appendix is most variable in length. In six animals that I dissected fresh from the jungle, all of them adult, the appendix varied in length from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five millimetres. In two of the animals the cæcal contents were laden with numerous fruit stones as large as those of a cherry. The appendix in these two cases held a row of fruit stones, showing that it shared in the digestive work of the cæcum. There is no evidence to lead us to believe that anthropoid apes suffer from appendicitis in their natural habitat. They become subject to this disease when kept in confinement. Of sixty-one chimpanzees dying in captivity, ten of them suffered from appendicitis. The evidence, such as it is, leads us to believe that when the appendix breaks down under the conditions of modern civilization it does so, not because it is 'vestigial,' but because of its inability to withstand the conditions to which it is being exposed.

To express the real nature of the structural and functional imperfections seen in the human appendix it is convenient to use a term coined by the late Sir William Gowers. He noted that in some families a certain structure, such as the hair on the crown of the head, was apt to be shed as the result of a premature atrophy of the scalp. To such instances of premature senility on the part of any organ or structure he applied the term *abiotrophy*. In this sense the appendix is an abiotrophic structure, one which is apt to suffer from a disordered life-history. In a large proportion of Europeans it becomes atrophic or senile when other parts of the body are in full vigor. On the evidence collected by anatomists and pathologists it is permissible to infer that if we could follow the life-histories of a thousand modern Europeans from birth to their seventieth year the following would be the fate of their appendices.

By the end of the tenth year the tube of this structure would be partially or completely obliterated in forty of them; by the twentieth year the same fate would have overtaken seventy more; by the thirtieth year sixty others would have been added to the list; by the fortieth year eighty further cases of obliteration would have occurred; by the sixtieth year there would be one hundred and ten additional cases. Of the one thousand people who reached the age of seventy, only five hundred of them would retain their appendix in an unblemished functional state; in the other five hundred the appendix would have undergone a premature atrophy at succeeding stages in the journey through life.

In this the appendix keeps company with all structures that are of a lymphoidal nature. The tonsils, the thymus, lymphatic glands, and Peyer's patches have similar life-histories, but no one would describe them as vestiges or rudiments. There is much in the name we apply to structures; when we name them 'vestigial,' 'congenital,' or 'useless' we shut the door on all further inquiry. As Paley declared a century ago, our list of 'useless' structures decreases as our stock of knowledge increases.

The eye, which is man's chief organ of sense, has, under the stress of civilization, become the subject of a wrong growth or abiotrophy. If we take one thousand men or women over the age of twenty-five we shall find that about one hundred and fifty of them suffer from a degree of myopia that prevents them from seeing distant objects clearly. And yet in all of them, just as was the case of the appendix, the eye was normal at birth. The incidence of the disorder is somewhat similar to

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that of the appendix; it appears during the period in which the eye is undergoing growth — a process of the most complex kind; in a few, myopic changes appear by the fifth year, the highest rate of incidence taking place as puberty is reached and passed. We cannot believe that among our hunting ancestors, for whom distant sight was so vital, every seventh man was myopic.

Myopia we must regard as a structural disharmony occasioned by the conditions that civilization has entailed on us. Short-sight is certainly a disorder of growth, and the essential problem is to discover, not why fifteen per cent of our population suffers from it, but why it does not occur in the remaining eighty-five per cent. Children may be fed on the same food and undergo the same school-tasks, yet only in certain individuals does the eyeball undergo abnormal elongation. They only are affected by modern conditions; the others are not.

Perhaps no structure in the human body illustrates abiotrophic changes so well as the lens of the eye. By the age of forty-five the elasticity of the lens has become so reduced in most of us that we have to seek the aid of spectacles. Yet we know that some individuals at the age of forty-five retain the elasticity of lens that is normal at thirty-five years of age, while others have reached a stage usually found in men and women of sixty. It is with the lens of the eye as with the appendix: abiotrophy sets in prematurely in some; in others the change is delayed.

The consideration of the functional failure of the lens of the eye brings us to a problem that fascinated Metchnikoff. What is the term of life which is natural to man? Metchnikoff inclined to place it at one hundred years — that if we escaped accident and disease the inherent vitality of our tissues was sufficient to make a centenarian of everyone. Yet at the age of forty-five the lens of the normal man is already old; it has reached the term of its full utility. We have no reason to suppose that civilization has shortened or is shortening its period of usefulness. The indication it affords supports the belief that nature has worked out the evolution of the human family on a mean life-tenure of forty-five years; she has hitherto run the human army on a short-service system. Unfortunately we have no vital statistics of our nearest allies, the anthropoid apes. Micky, a chimpanzee that died lately in the Zoölogical Gardens, lived there for twenty-six years, and was three or four years of age when he arrived.

Thirty years ago I made an intensive study on the age changes of the teeth and skulls of the great anthropoid apes, and came to the conclusion that very few of them reached the fifth decade of life. All the elastic tissue and cartilage of the body keep the lens company in their rate of aging; they lose their resiliency by the middle of the fifth decade. The age of forty-five sees the end of the term of childbearing which is normal for women. When we consult the rates of mortality that now prevail we find that a sudden rise sets in during the fifth decade, and this rise assumes a steeper and steeper gradient with every subsequent decade. All of these facts seem to show that forty-five was the span allotted to man when he was the blind slave of Nature. Civilization now permits many men and women to live the span of two such lives, but whether it would be an advantage for civilization that all should live to be centenarians, as Metchnikoff believed, is a moot point. We must take civilization in the round: if it has searched out the weak points in our inherited organization, it has also added incalculably to the span and comfort of life.

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All the structural imperfections of man's body that have been discussed up to this point are of a kind that perish in the grave. We have no means of telling whether or not our remote ancestors suffered from appendicitis or were the victims of myopia. Fortunately, from this point of view there are certain of the durable parts of man's body that manifest abiotrophic changes — the teeth and jaws. During the last twenty years I have had an opportunity of examining the facial parts of over three hundred individuals who lived in England more than a thousand years ago, some of them as long as eight or ten thousand years ago. Seven years ago I made an elaborate comparison between fifty of these ancient skulls, twenty-five of which were adjudged to be those of men and twenty-five of women, with equal numbers of individuals who had lived in England within the last two centuries. In only three of the fifty ancient skulls did the upper and lower teeth fail to meet in an edge-to-edge bite; in all of the fifty modern skulls the bite was of the overlapping or scissors type. Our teeth are in an abiotrophic state; the failure of the wisdom teeth or third molars to form, or to erupt if they are formed, is but one symptom of this abiotrophic change; it affects crown-, cusp-, and root-development. In the fifty ancient skulls, instead of one hundred upper wisdom teeth, there were only eighty-two, thirteen being absent from nondevelopment and five from noneruption. In the fifty modern skulls, instead of one hundred upper wisdom teeth, there were only fifty-nine; thirty of these were absent from nondevelopment, eleven from noneruption. Such evidence shows that, although abiotrophic changes had overtaken the dental system of the Western European as early as the Neolithic period, these changes have been accelerated during the more recent centuries. Dental abscesses were nearly as common in the ancient skulls as in the modern; carious teeth, on the other hand, were three times more frequent in modern skulls than in the ancient. It is now proved that the quality of enamel and of dentine, particularly of secondary dentine, has a relation to the vitamin content of a dietary. Equally important for the proper formation of teeth is the presence in food of a due proportion of certain mineral salts. Nevertheless, although a school of children are exposed equally to unfavorable conditions, it is only in a certain number that dental defects will occur; in this respect the dental system behaves as do all structures that are liable to abiotrophic changes.

In not one of the fifty ancient skulls was the palate contracted, whereas in the fifty modern skulls there were thirteen in which this condition was present to a recognizable degree — in more than half of them to a marked extent. No matter which stratum of our population we make observations on, we shall find that every fourth or fifth child or adult we examine possesses a palate which, compared with the older type, may be described as both deformed in shape and reduced in size. I have never seen this defect and irregularity of palatal growth except in skulls from cemeteries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It may be thought that this irregular growth with reduction in the size of palate, and the defects in the formation of the jaws and face that usually accompany them, are merely the results of the soft and highly prepared kinds of food we eat; with such a dietary the teeth, jaws, and chewing muscles are deprived of the work that fell to them in more primitive times. That this is not the true explanation is proved by this

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fact: when children are fed, clothed, and exercised exactly alike, all are not affected; only some of them develop irregularities of the palate and jaws. There is a special susceptibility to these imperfections in certain races and in certain families.

Among modern British people are to be seen various facial characters, particularly in the orbits, in the cheek bones, and in the bony supports of the nose, that are never to be noted in the facial framework of people who lived in Britain during the pre-Norman period. When a Continental cartoonist seeks to represent John Bull he always emphasizes these new facial characteristics. Such changes in the form of the facial bones, like contraction of the palate, which they usually accompany, are not the result of a nasal obstruction such as might be caused by enlarged adenoids or tonsils; the cause lies deeper. The incidence of irregularities in the growth of the face follows the same laws as hold for all abiotrophic structures such as the appendix, the sclerotic coat of the eye, the thymus, and the tonsil. Further research will likely prove that the disorders of growth that overtake all of these structures are linked to a disturbed action of lymphocytes and of all the constituent elements of the lymphoid tissues. It seems to me very probable that a fuller knowledge of the life-histories of lymphocytes, particularly of the office they perform in growing tissues, will go far to explain the disharmonies that civilization is producing in the bodies of some of us. But the problem of explaining why some members of our community are highly susceptible to these new conditions, while others are less so, and why the majority remain unaffected, will still remain.

I have touched only the fringe of a great subject; I have left undiscussed the numerous imperfections and disharmonies that civilization has made manifest in structures concerned in the maintenance of posture, and in those that are concerned with the circulation of blood and with the duties of respiration. I have said enough, I believe, to convince you that Metchnikoff was right when he declared that civilization had launched man on a great experiment. From this experiment there is no turning back. We cannot return to the conditions of human life that prevailed in this country six thousand years ago; there are more people in one of the lesser back streets of London than could find an existence in the whole length and breadth of the Thames Valley if we returned to the manner of living of our distant ancestors. We cannot go back; we must go on. Seeing how differently we are now circumstanced in every relationship of life, — in food, in drink, in shelter, in warmth, in occupation, and in amusement, — the wonder is, not that structural imperfections and functional disharmonies should develop in a proportion of our numbers, but that so many of us should escape harm altogether and enjoy good health. It says much for the adaptational reaction that is inherent in the human body that it withstands the artificial conditions of modern civilization as well as it does.

How are our bodies to be protected against these ills with which civilization threatens them? Metchnikoff, a declared and open rebel against Nature, hoped that science might discover some short cut for man's escape, some way of speeding up the evolutionary machinery of his body, and so making it perfectly fitted for the life that ever-advancing civilization is forcing on mankind. I also believe that science will find a means of escape, but not by Metchnikoff's way. The solution of our problem is a fuller knowledge of the use and working of those parts of our

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bodies which are most apt to give way under our modern ways of living — the use of such structures as the great bowel. And when we have replaced our ignorance by real knowledge we shall then be in a position, not to adapt our bodily structures to our mode of living, but our mode of living to our bodily structures. This seems to me the best way out.

THE PRISONER

BY ASHLEY SAMPSON

[*Spectator*]

Watch, brothers, for the Upward sun
And the wide purple of the sea.
Wait for the streaming hunt; and when
It breaks in sight bring word to me.

I too have walked beneath the skies
When morning sang among the throats
Of clattering birds. My heart has beat
In equal time to their clean notes.

In the blue night I watched the sea
Drum where it whitened on the shore;
And knew the march of distant lights
Till eyes and sense could strain no more.

Now in the aching toils for sin
A broken heart can wish you well.
Keep all you know for memory's sake,
Lest you should come to this blind cell.

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AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR'S REFLECTIONS ON OXFORD[1]

BY S. E. MORISON

They are not long, the days of wine and roses. Dowson's verse keeps running through my head, beating time with the engine that drives me every moment farther from Oxford and nearer to America. I must hasten to jot down impressions, before the rush and stress of American academic life blurs them into a dream of gray walls and green fields, vivid youths on motor-cycles and modest maidens on push-bicycles, dinners in hall and evenings in common-room, the Friday luncheons that fell on Mondays, and the history luncheons where everything but history was discussed. Unfortunately, even impressions have to be generalized on paper; and Oxford is the most complex, the most unsystematic, the most paradoxical, and the most difficult of institutions to generalize.

No other university is at once so hospitable and so indifferent to new individuals, disciplines, and subjects. The undergraduate body is the most varied in the world as to nationality, race, and color; yet no one manages to resist some trace of the 'Oxford manner.' The faculties include specialists on almost every branch of knowledge; but if the specialists want pupils, they must conform to regulation and tradition. A newcomer either remains isolated within a little wall which he alone does not see, or he is absorbed into the tepid current of donnish life, and the world knows him no more, unless through his books. A reforming commission is lost if it comes to Oxford and accepts the gracious hospitality of the colleges. For no sensible man who knows Oxford would wish greatly to change it. Rather must he be chiefly concerned to preserve the many things of worth and beauty that time has tested, and spared.

To an American sojourner, the note of freedom is dominant at Oxford; not merely the corporate freedom that the University enjoys within the State, and the colleges within the University, but freedom of the individual within either. All three are closely interrelated. Almost all university and college business, of the sort that in American universities is settled by presidential or decanal fiat, in Oxford is referred to a number of boards and committees. The time consumed is well worth the loss in efficiency, for the system gives everyone an official finger in many pies, and an opportunity to air his views. The universal craving to mind other people's business is thereby satisfied; and Oxford harmlessly employs in administrative activity the 'nosey' and talebearing sorts of individuals that are the pest of American faculties. Collegiate autonomy seems at times almost anarchical to one who is used to the modern centralized university; but the history of Oxford, as of the United States, shows that federalism permits a more varied and wholesome life than centralization. Nowhere in America or on the Con-

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *November* 7 and 14

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tinent would it be possible for organizations so diverse as Ruskin College, the women's colleges, Ripon Hall, Campion Hall, Manchester College, and the Catholic Workers' College, to share the benefits of a great university without losing their individuality. Oxford and Cambridge, alone of modern universities, are really universal.

The keystone in this arch of liberty, and the most enviable and precious thing in all Oxford's rich inheritance, is the self-government of the University — its almost complete control by the resident and teaching M.A.'s. The University is poor, but gifts or endowments purchased at the price of the thinnest wedge of outside control would be too dearly purchased. Yet there is no reason why gifts should be so purchased; and in view of the many wealthy men among Oxford graduates, it seems to an American scandalous that the British taxpayer should be called upon to help support the University, or that institutions like St. Edmund Hall should want funds.

Oxford and, apparently, all the British universities are happily free from the unreasoning and malicious criticism that every American university has to bear from press and public. They are not expected to be all things to all men; nor is admission to their colleges demanded as a right. It matters not whether this sound attitude of the British public be due to appreciation or to indifference; the universities are left free to serve the nation as their own members think best. University extension work in America too often takes the form of advertisement, or of a sweet sop to a nagging public; in England it is performed by those who are interested, for the benefit of the few who want it. Within the University there is, not only complete freedom of speech, but complete privacy. A professor need never fear, as in America, lest one day's classroom witticism appear the following day in a screaming headline. Nobody outside Oxford knows, and nobody within Oxford cares, if a certain professor be Communist or Fascist.

In only one respect do I venture to suggest that collegiate autonomy is abused: in the admission, by certain colleges, of a considerable number of idle and brainless youths on the ground of athletic ability or social position. One often hears that these men are 'useful' in the sense of helping their college to better its place on the river. Many of them, however, are more decorative than useful, and others are positively unwholesome. They would be less numerous if the undergraduates enjoyed some measure of self-government and internal police, instead of leaving such matters to governing bodies and proctors. An undergraduate council, as at Edinburgh, might also be a means of bringing the undergraduate point of view to bear on contemplated changes.

In curricular matters, the pass schools might well be abolished, and 'never would be missed,' save by undergraduates of whom the same might be said. But the honor schools, although capable of some improvement in detail, are collectively the best system of undergraduate instruction in the English-speaking world. To American readers I should explain that the word 'school' in Oxford means a branch of study. The pass schools are ridiculously easy, and for that reason are despised, although they admit to the Bachelor's degree; and some colleges refuse to admit pass candidates. After passing 'Mods' in the middle of his Freshman year, an Oxford undergraduate generally studies for an honor school, the grades — or 'classes,' as they are called in Oxford — being awarded solely on the basis of a

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series of examinations, usually two three-hour papers a day for ten consecutive week days, at the end of his third or fourth year. There is no such thing in Oxford as a course, in the American sense of the word. The examining system of first-year 'Mods' and last-year 'Finals,' administered by boards whose decisions can seldom be unjust, and never be questioned, seems to me perfect as it stands. A division of the three-year schools into two parts, as at Cambridge, would be a step backward toward spoon-feeding.

About the tutorial method of preparing candidates for the honor schools, I leave Oxford less enthusiastic than when I viewed it from afar. Tutoring is admirably fitted for teaching *literæ humaniores*, for which it was devised; but more modern subjects, such as the promising new school of philosophy, politics, and economics, are somewhat refractory to one-man teaching. Tutoring tends to become mere cramming, both with facts and with clever answers to 'spotted' questions; the college tutors, in supplanting the paid coach, have not eliminated his defects. In some of the honor schools the system neither affords a good general education nor produces scholars.

The Oxford 'first' has an admirable command of language, and a brilliant style that comes of writing to impress clever people. He can make less knowledge go further, and write what he has to say far better, than the *summa cum laude* men of American universities. But he has seldom gone to the bottom of anything, or approached it so near as an American B.A. who has done an honors thesis. Full of self-confidence, he is ready to get up any subject in the world for you in two weeks. Inordinately proud of the things he does not know, the humbling process takes at best a long time, and, if he become an Oxford Fellow, may never take place. There is something to be said for catching your tutor young, but there are too many college Fellows who took a first, won a prize essay, and have done nothing since. Interested only in winning good classes for their pupils, or writing cramming-books to help the process, they thwart the efforts of more scholarly or ambitious colleagues to provide something more than academic honors for the better sort of student. Traveling Fellowships are wanted so that colleges can afford to send their candidates for tutorships abroad for two or three years, and to require evidence of ability to do research, before they appoint.

The college Fellows at Oxford are underpaid but not overworked in comparison with the younger members of American university staffs. An American instructor is lucky to get an hour's recreation a day; his terms extend to thirty or thirty-five instead of twenty-four weeks of the year; he gets no extra pay for examining; and instead of dining he merely eats. Those Oxford Fellows who have the taste and ability for research manage to find the time; and the quality of their contributions to human knowledge is so high and distinctive that one wishes there were more of them. Further, unless a don have a taste for writing or research, his soft routine is apt to pall after ten or fifteen years. Few suspect how many of those, around the age of forty, are wishing to be anywhere but at Oxford.

If the life of the Oxford don seems enviable to the harried and hard-worked young American instructor, the life of an Oxford professor is ideal beyond the dreams of his American colleagues. He really has time to study his subject, and it rests wholly with his own taste and conscience whether he does even that. But he is curiously uncoördinated with the University.

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The statutory Commission has wisely proposed to provide every professor with a seat in the governing body of some college. There will remain, in many faculties, an underlying antagonism between professors and tutors that no parliamentary commission can dissolve. For Oxford is essentially a master's university; and the professor, after some centuries of trial, has not yet found his place. New blood comes into the professoriat, when it is already old blood, which will not mingle with that which has already been dyed an Oxford blue. Hence, a professor who comes up with an unbecoming zeal to teach his subject must struggle for years against prejudice and vested interest to almost certain defeat; or he may ignore the undergraduates and write books, which is what the University expects of him. There are a few brilliant exceptions, like Sir William Osler, who manage to teach and do research and many things beside; and there are others who do nothing but potter about. Recent and well-deserved promotions of tutors to professorial chairs point out one way to end the ancient feud, which makes the most conspicuous waste of energy and talent that I have noticed in Oxford.

Professors might also be used more than hitherto in directing post-graduate research. In some of the sciences, research appears to be well organized and admirably guided; in the humanities it is, for the most part, wholly unorganized, and lamentably guided. Owing to political pressure, Oxford recently and reluctantly established a D.Phil. degree; an *Ersatz* Ph.D. The candidate merely chats with a 'supervisor' twice a term for two or three years, submits his dissertation, and wins or loses on the opinion of two examiners, who have no accepted standard. A new university statute offers some promise of seminars, and a real training in method, but the statute was so emasculated in passage, through the efforts of those who do not believe in research, that it is little more than a promise. The faculty boards may, if they wish, establish seminars and advanced-study courses; and it is to be hoped they may, for it would be a pity if the Oxford D.Phil. proved in the end to be an inferior article to the American Ph.D.

Among the other discouragements to scholarship at Oxford must be counted the libraries. They are hopelessly uncoördinated, and so decentralized that it requires years to learn what books on one's own subject may be found there. Conditions in general, and no one in particular, are to blame for this situation. I was forced to add to the confusion by founding a special American History Library. The Bodleian, considering its small income and staff, is highly efficient, even by American standards; it spends few more pence in cataloguing and shelving a new book than any American library spends dollars; but with the enormous output of modern presses the Bodleian will in a short time be unable to cope. The process of burrowing into the water-logged soil of Oxford cannot long be continued, and dumping books into other buildings merely adds to the confusion, as I was forced to do in founding a special library of American history. It is time for Oxford to face the apparently disagreeable fact that eventually a new Bodleian must be built, and probably in the now thrice-violated Parks. In the meantime, with the expenditure of a few hundred pounds, the treasures already in Oxford libraries could be rendered more accessible by a card-index catalogue of the whole.

Cecil Rhodes, in his notebook, expressed the wish that Oxford dons might annually repeat to their pupils

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his economic credo. Fortunately, there is no danger lest Oxford dons repeat homilies to their pupils at stated intervals, or post up pious maxims in hall. If Cecil Rhodes really expected his scholars to be indoctrinated with some form of political orthodoxy, he chose the wrong university for his experiment. Oxford has outlived many dogmas, and outgrown the fashioning of dogmas. Few persons there are even a little afraid — and the theologians are not the least afraid — of new ideas; and nobody runs after them because they are new, which they seldom are. There is something in the discipline and genius of the place that makes it superior to propaganda, and zealous only in the search for truth. A don is apt to be a radical in respect of his own subject, and conservative in respect of those things he does not profess to have studied.

Yet some concession in the matter of content might well be made to the imperial vision of men like Rhodes and Beit, by giving undergraduates more opportunity to study the history of the Dominions and the United States. Chairs have been established for that purpose and professors appointed; yet Imperial and American history are still peripheral to the appropriate honor-schools. There is nothing in the statutes, but everything in fact, to discourage an undergraduate from spending time on tracing the history of the British race overseas. In modern history, for instance, he must spend so much time on the Anglo-Saxon and Norman kings, on whom he is certain to be examined, that he has no time for Lord Durham and Abraham Lincoln, on whom he is certain not to be examined. America and the Dominions lose by this, for their history much wants writing by the literary historians that Oxford occasionally produces. Possibly the undergraduates of to-day and rulers of to-morrow might also benefit by some knowledge of the history and problems of the Dominions and the United States.

If these suggestions have any value, they will in the end be adopted. For Oxford, with all her diversity, has a sort of inner and corporate wisdom that enables her to ignore unsound advice, to adapt herself to the needs of successive eras, and to save all that is best of the age that is passing for the age that is waiting before.

The voyage is nearing its end, and America lies just below the horizon. To-morrow I shall taste Walt Whitman's 'joy of being toss'd in the brave turmoil of these times.' But there will be many moments when I shall regret the soft and sheltered days within Oxford walls, the conversation and the company of the most humane and intelligent group of people I have ever known. My days of wine and roses are over.

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS I KNEW HER[1]

BY SIR HALL CAINE

THERE must be many who knew Queen Alexandra better than I knew her, therefore many who are better able than I am to write about her at this solemn moment when her sudden and unexpected end has sounded a moving death-note in every household in the land. But I knew her in some degree for twenty-five years; I saw her several times at what I may perhaps call close quarters; I possess a large number of her letters, — not fewer than a hundred, — some of them written by her own hand, and some by the hand of her devoted friend and constant companion, Charlotte Knollys. If this limited acquaintance justifies me in paying the tribute of a few poor personal recollections to the lovely and beloved queen whose death is to-day a whole Empire's loss and sorrow, I shall look upon it as my proud if melancholy duty to attempt to do so.

I ask to be pardoned for a moment when I begin by saying that my earliest recollection of Queen Alexandra was for me a sad one. It is the recollection of her wedding day, sixty-two years ago, which was also by unhappy chance the death day of my little sister. We were both children. She was five and I was nine, and we had heard of the beautiful princess of nineteen who was coming from Denmark to marry our English prince, and had promised ourselves the wild joy of walking with our schoolfellows in the procession that was to celebrate the event. But when the great day came she was dying on the sofa in our small parlor, surrounded by our parents and grandparents, and I was sitting through long hours alone on the steep steps on the outside of our front door. The street was empty and silent, for everybody else who lived in it had run off to the neighboring road through which the procession was to pass. Over the roofs of the opposite houses came the sounds of the Volunteers marching, with banners and flags, to the music of their brass bands, and — cruellest of all — of the voices of the children singing 'God Bless the Prince of Wales,' with an added verse which we had learned off in honor of the princess. I am not likely to forget the wedding day of Queen Alexandra. It nearly broke my heart.

But this is perhaps too personal, and in happier homes than ours the day was quite different. Within a few weeks portraits of the young princess with her young prince — in my mind's eye I can see them still — were hanging on the walls of every house in the kingdom, down to the humblest and the poorest. It was a case of love at first sight if ever there was one. No sooner had she shown her sweet face than the daughter of Denmark was clasped to the breast of the whole British nation.

The second of my personal recollections of Queen Alexandra is at least more cheerful. A few weeks after King Edward's recovery from the dangerous illness which compelled him to postpone his coronation, and while he was making a roving yachting-cruise after the

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *November 22*

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Coronation itself, one of his equerries drove up to my house in the Isle of Man to say that the King and Queen had just arrived in Manx waters and they would be pleased if I would accompany the royal party on a day's tour through my native island. It was a delightful experience. The day was glorious, with a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine. The Princess Victoria and Miss Knollys were with the Queen, and Mr. Chamberlain was the minister in attendance. Never, surely, can there have been a royal visit less formal and more friendly. No announcement in advance, therefore no preparations; no guards, and, of course, no detectives. Just a gentleman in a lounge suit and two ladies wearing black sailor-hats, driving in an ordinary hired landau, with a few friends and officials of the island in carriages and hackney cabs behind them, and three or four local journalists bicycling by their side. Next day our old island seemed to awake from sleep and rub its eyes and wonder if such things had really happened.

Our first call was at the house of the Bishop, and it was there that I was permitted to make the acquaintance of the Queen. She came up to me as I stood with others on the lawn and asked if I would like to know how it happened that they had come to the Isle of Man. It had been in this way. The night before they had been lying off Anglesey, and the King had come into her stateroom and said: —

'Where should we go to next?'

'Let us go to Mr. Hall Caine's island,' she had answered.

'So you see we have come to see the place you have written your books about,' said the Queen, whereupon the Princess Victoria, who was standing by, said, with a rather mischievous smile: —

'All the same, there is one of your books which I am not permitted to read.'

The person of Queen Alexandra is so familiar that it seems unnecessary to describe it. At that time — it is twenty-five years ago — I found her slight and not tall, and with features that were faultless in form though limited in range of expression. I wonder if it will be permitted to one of the most ardent of her admirers to say that her voice was her least attractive quality, not being 'soft and low, an excellent thing in woman,' but a little too loud, and, perhaps, a little hard, a strange contrast to the exquisite delicacy of her face and figure. But her manner was charming, and her general appearance — she was then nearly sixty — that of great loveliness.

'And now let me present you to the King,' she said; and she took me up to him.

A little later, when I was standing aside while a photograph was about to be taken of the royal party with the insular officials, I heard the Queen say: —

'May I have Mr. Hall Caine here?' indicating the place by her side.

'Certainly,' said the King, and he called me up to him.

The sweet lady wished to show me the greatest honor, but when that photograph was published it made me more enemies in my own little country than any sins of mine can ever have deserved.

We lunched in the old Peel Castle from an improvised table that had been set up on the grass by the broken arches of St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was a delightfully informal picnic. Under the blue sky, in the bright sunshine, with the glistening sea in front of us, and the brown sails of the fishing-boats swaying to the motion of the rising tide in the bay below, the rugged pile of red ruins which are all that remain of the castle looked bright and beautiful. The company, too, were as simple and easy as

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a family party, and the Queen, over whose house the dark shadow had so recently hovered, and then passed on, seemed to be very happy.

I should have said that the King was a strong man that day. Looking at his sunburned face, and listening to his full voice and hearty laughter, — I told him some quaint Manx stories, — I found it hard to realize that he had so lately recovered from a serious illness. In conversation he rarely said more than a dozen words at a time; yet this conveyed no sense of reticence, but rather of an unbroken flow of talk, consisting chiefly of questions. The Queen, on the other hand, talked continuously, hardly ever waiting for a reply; but this may have been partly due to her deafness, which, though not then extreme, must have made it difficult for her to hear what others about her were saying. She was all nerves and emotions, but it was clear that she was struggling to control both in order to spare or not displease the King. Our insular authorities, in the excess of their loyalty, had ordered that numerous guns should be fired during the luncheon hour, from some unseen place under the castle walls, and, seeing how much the explosions were distracting her, I suggested that I should ask the governor to stop the firing, but she would not permit me to do so.

'No, no, please don't; the King would not like it,' she said.

It was the King with her first and last and always.

My next recollection of Queen Alexandra brings me closer to the activities by which she is now best remembered and most beloved. When she began her annual public subscriptions in aid of the hospitals, chiefly children's hospitals, the results, I was told, although generous, were less than her motherly heart had expected; so I conceived the idea of helping her by asking a dozen of my fellow authors and as many contemporary artists to join me in making a kind of anthology, to be sold as a Christmas book. I mentioned my thought to the friend of my early manhood, Alfred Harmsworth (not yet Lord Northcliffe), and we agreed to join in whatever risk there might be in printing a hundred thousand copies of such a book if the Queen would give her name to it. She did so very willingly, my fellow authors and the artists responded very eagerly, the book was published as *The Queen's Christmas Carol*, and by virtue of the great name it bore, not to speak of its own merits, which were by no means negligible, it earned for the Queen's charities no less than ten thousand pounds.

A few years later we published a second charity-book under the Queen's name, with results that were still more gratifying, both in money and, as I thought, in moral and perhaps political effect. It was known that for a considerable time the Queen had been taking pleasure in her camera, and this suggested to my son Ralph that a collection of her favorite snapshots of the members of the Royal Family might be a welcome Christmas present to a large public. I took this suggestion to Lord Burnham, who welcomed it warmly, and then I sent my boy to the Queen with a letter saying that, besides holding out the promise of a considerable addition to the money necessary for her Christmas charities, such a book, if published at that time of political turmoil, when class in this country was first ranging itself against class, might perhaps have the effect of taking the people into the heart of the Royal Family, and thus knitting yet more closely the people to the Throne.

The Queen sent back an enthusiastic answer, only asking that in this instance the editing of the book should be done by herself. Nothing could have

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pleased us better; so the snapshots were gathered together immediately, printed, passed, signed, and subtitled on the proof-sheets in the Queen's own hand and in the spirit I had suggested — 'My father,' 'My brother,' 'Victoria,' 'Maud,' and 'Little David.' The book was published under the name of *Queen Alexandra's Christmas Gift-Book*. It drew the nation around the family hearth of the King as perhaps nothing else could have done; and by the powerful help of the press it earned something like twenty thousand pounds.

The Queen first heard of the success of her book by an interim check for either ten or fifteen thousand, which Lord Burnham, with characteristic unselfishness, sent by my son — as the originator of the idea — to Buckingham Palace, and the boy came back with a rapturous report of its reception.

'Has my book earned all this money?' asked the Queen, and on being told that it had, and that there was more where that came from, she clasped the check to her breast and danced round the room like a child.

The next of my personal recollections of Queen Alexandra is associated with the premonitory symptoms of the malady that was to terminate the life of the King. I was coming home from the East, when, on sailing into the Bay of Naples, I saw that the Victoria and Albert had just entered before us; whereupon — with what daring I dare not ask myself — I sent a message across to say where I was, and that I should like to pay my respects to the Queen. The answer came back in the form of a motor-boat to take me to the royal yacht, and I spent two or three rather saddening hours on her. The King had gone ashore with the intention of making the remainder of his trip home by train. There had been no apparent reason why he should do so, except that his health, of which he would say nothing, had given cause for anxiety. I gathered that during the seven or eight years since the beginning of his reign he had often been living between the dark confines of hope and fear. I am sure the Queen thought he was paying a great price for his devotion to his people and his faithfulness to duty. Not long before that he had paid his last and rather reluctant visit to Berlin, and after parting, not without a sense of relief, from the Kaiser ('That William,' as the Queen used to call him during the war), he had dropped into his seat in the railway carriage that was to take him homeward, saying: —

'Thank God, that's over.'

My next recollection of Queen Alexandra is linked with the memory of that chill and dank midnight in May 1910 in which the long illness of the King, in which life and death had battled for days, came suddenly to a close. I was staying temporarily in Whitehall Court, and, thinking of the Queen, and how much the devoted woman must be suffering under the heavy dispensation of that day, I walked in the drizzling rain down Birdcage Walk to the gate of Buckingham Palace, where a group of men with blanched faces were reading the latest bulletin, which told them that the condition was still serious and unchanged. Yet hardly had I returned to my room when the telephone bell rang, and I was told that the King was dead. Little as I had known of him personally, I was stunned, as we all were, by the sudden death of one who had so long and so amply filled one of the highest places in the world's eye, and was now sharing the common lot of humanity. But perhaps it was not unnatural that my mind went back to the gentle lady of whom I knew a little more, and whose life as an active queen had also come to an end.

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Thinking so, I walked down, by what impulse I cannot say, in the early hours of morning, to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, greatly daring, having no journalistic connection at that time with the paper, I wrote, out of my limited knowledge of the subject, a four-column character-sketch, which concerned the Queen almost as much as the King. Next day the Queen sent me, through Miss Knollys, a beautiful letter, which was better than thanks.

'He was just like that,' she said; and now there was nobody in the world to take his place.

When death dropped the curtain on the life of King Edward there was no more general hope than that King George, always a devoted son, would not allow his mother to leave the country of her adoption, the country she loved so much, the country in which there were so many to love her. But there was never any danger that she would do so. The scene had closed over her life as the consort of the King, but there was a wider realm in which she would always be a queen, and that was in the hearts of the people. So it came to pass, in the deeper and larger designs of Providence, that the daughter of Denmark was to remain as the mother of England, and all that England stands for, until she too shared the common lot and death claimed her.

That day has now come, and deep as our grief may be for the loss of one who stood for much that is best in England, pity for the weak, and sympathy for the suffering, we part from her with a proud sorrow that is superior to regret. Here is no time for tears. It is all as we hoped it might be. Surely no queen in the history of the British monarchy was ever more firmly enthroned in the hearts of the British people — 'my people,' as she used to say without a thought of diminishing the immense and well-deserved popularity of the queen of the reigning sovereign. She lived long, and was a partaker of all pure and honest pleasures. She warmed both hands at the fire of life, and, if she had loss and suffering, she lived bravely through them. She has died at a glorious old age, which has been accompanied, as age should be, with honor, affection, and troops of friends. Her last days have not been darkened by long illness or anxiety; on the contrary, they have been cheered by the love and reverence of her children and her children's children, and by the devoted worship of an immense multitude. What more can Life give to his best-beloved? It is beautiful, and it is enough.

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THE CHANSONNIERS OF PARIS[1]

BY DOMINIQUE BONNAUD

It is a singular story, that of the satirical and humorous topical song which rose suddenly about 1884 in the studios of Montmartre, spread through the cafés of the outer boulevards, was cleverly seized upon by a cabaret-keeper of genius, triumphed at the Chat Noir, and gradually became a kind of institution that nothing has succeeded in destroying. At the very least, it has risen to the rank of those distractions of which the Parisian never becomes tired. It is exactly forty years since the first couplets of the *Bal de l'Hôtel de Ville* and the *Expulsion des princes* fluttered forth from the cenacles of the 'Hydropaths' where Goudeau discovered Mac-Nab, and soon landed on the heights of Clignancourt.

Since then three generations of chansonniers have succeeded each other on the numerous stages of the Butte. They have never fallen from public favor. To-day, perhaps, more than ever, the Frenchman who is a victim of the high cost of living and of increasing taxes, and the Frenchman who has been deceived by the bitter morrow of victory, comes for consolation to the fashionable little cabarets to hear his favorite minstrels express his own discontent in ringing stanzas.

Periods of political irritation and agitation are auspicious to the topical-ballad muses. The end of the reign of Louis XVI saw the flowering of a vast number of anonymous couplets, notably that terrible *Belle Bourbonnaise* which in jocose phrases contains the whole drama of the Revolution and in which the disloyal and charming pen of Boufflers was recognized. The Directory created Ange Pitou. The Restoration made Boulanger. The Commune, finally, gave birth to the bloody song, *À Montmartre*, which was, perhaps, written by Bruant, and which inspired Willette's first canvas, 'The Communist.' The Boulanger incident, finally, furnished the café singers of the two Parties with daily subjects for rimed diatribes; and here the mastery of Jules Jouy asserted itself. The Dreyfus affair was the occasion for a frenzy of couplets among the wits of the two Parties, and the boards of Montmartre were alternately besieged by an enthusiastic crowd or stormed by hostile groups.

This rapid glance backward, though it does not pretend to sum up the history of the topical song, does present the figure of the café singer and emphasize his relative importance, and in that way relates him to the subject we are treating. It reveals and it explains, perhaps, that curious permanence of the spoken song of the cabaret, of the musical pamphlet of current affairs which the author himself serves hot to his listeners.

While the café-concert song, which produced from 1860 to 1880 some excellent things and was not always so stupid as it was said to be, declined and fell finally into the most offensive scurrility, while its last echoes died

[1] From the *Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *October* 3–31

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away in the hysterical tumult of jazz and in the foreign rhythms of the fox-trot, the *chanson de cabaret* faithfully kept a more or less literary form, but one that was assuredly French. It did not become Americanized. Its career continued to be brilliant, and nothing yet points to the least sign of decline. This persistent vogue implies a sustained and continuous supply of new singers, and in fact we are already in the third generation of musical satirists. In proportion as the old ones disappear, new minstrels come to the front, and a vocation which was at first simply a game for fanciful minds has become a career.

How do these *chansonniers* originate? How do they appear? How did their elder brothers come to invent their song-type? Why have some survived and others prematurely disappeared? To all of these questions I am going to try to give an answer and thereby to perpetuate a detail in contemporary history, on which the cabaret song is a humble but significant commentary.

It was by accident that before becoming a singer myself, and long before my début at the Chat Noir in 1893, I knew and often saw in the rôle of journalist the 'ancestors,' Mac-Nab, Meusy, and especially Jules Jouy, and that charming Émile Goudeau who was, of course, more of a poet than a café singer, but whose inexhaustible Perigord manner animated, stimulated, and brought to celebrity in his famous club at the Hydropaths so many wits and couplet-makers. Yes, Goudeau was an incomparable entertainer. If he did not have the marvelous and nonchalant Parisianisms of Maurice Donnay, the author of the *Amants*, it may surely be said that this Southerner with the sunny verses smoothed the way for Donnay. All the exquisite and pagan poetry of *Phryné* is in *L'Affranchie* in germ.

Goudeau often related to me how he discovered Mac-Nab, and how he incited him toward his real career. The story, I believe, is worth repeating. I shall not dwell at great length on the famous club of the Hydropaths. Everything to be said about it has been said. Some of our contemporaries who were its ornament, such as the excellent Galipaux, could speak better than I of this gathering of young men, always ardent, care-free, thirsty, and picturesque. Orientalists like Ledrain jostled with humorists like Alphonse Allais, with poets like Charles Cros, with novelists, musicians, scholars, actors, and even literary army-men like General Pittié and Ogier d' Ivry.

The sessions of this society were held at the edge of the Boul' Mich' in the basement of a café which still forms the corner of the square and the quay. Goudeau had had the idea of gathering here all the gay spirits more or less tinctured with Bohemianism who at that time — *quantum mutatus!* — populated the Latin Quarter. He had spoken to the patron of the establishment, who was charmed with the prospect of seeing so many sturdy tipplers frequenting his place. The first assembly was attended by more than a hundred participants. Goudeau presided, and had as aids, if my memory holds, the adorable poet of the *Émaux bressans*, Gabriel Vicaire, and the imperturbable Alphonse Allais. He found it difficult, in spite of the help of a powerful hand-bell, to dominate the uproar of the discussion. But he had a sonorous voice and knew how to make himself heard. The respectable café-keeper was so pleased with this beginning, the receipts from which were most gratifying, that in a burst of generosity he declared to the poet of *La Revanche des bêtes* that henceforth the committee — that is, the Goudeau-Vicaire-Allais trio — should have an

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unlimited right of free consumption. This was a serious imprudence on the part of the enthusiastic proprietor, as he learned later.

In fact, after the second session the committee was increased by six supplementary aids, who became twelve at the third gathering, and twenty-four at the following. Finally the committee which benefited by the generosity of the patron included almost all of the Hydropaths. The café-keeper, in spite of his love of letters, had to think of his receipts, and to avoid ruin he denied the Hydropaths the entrance to his basement. At that time the Hydropaths, except for Verlaine, Ponchon, and a few others, emigrated en masse to the Montmartre Aventine.

There Rodolphe Salis, who had passed his life alternately daubing pictures of the Virgin for the houses of the rue Bonaparte and drawing violently anti-Clerical caricatures for the Opposition journals, weary of an art that supported him badly, had just set up as a *limonadier* and opened a little café. To this refuge came the exiles. The undeniable authority of Salis, who had great taste and intelligence, arranged for them, in this somewhat crowded locality, a kind of circle closed at first to the profane.

The Chat Noir came into being.

I come back to the discovery of Mac-Nab. At the first meeting of the Hydropaths, always at the end of the session, a tall young man, pale and blonde, with an unhealthy complexion, would come up to Monsieur le Président, and, with a hesitant gesture emphasized by an expression of the most intense sadness, would hand one or two lines of verse to Goudeau. The excellent man read them attentively. They were, he told me, poems of an intimate and painful kind — little dramatic narratives in the manner of Coppée, honestly written, to tell the truth, but without the élan that always redeems and perhaps even gives a certain quality to such deliberately colorless verses as the author of *Passant* frequently wrote.

Mac-Nab's *Intimités* were not of the same kind. Goudeau, however, noticed in them a scrupulous attention to form, and allowed the author to speak one of his little poems on the tiny stage that still vibrated with the stormy alexandrines of Richepin and d'Haraucourt. These verses related the mournful Odyssey of two orphans whose father had fallen — already — under the Prussian bullets in the mêlée at Busenval. It was a companion picture to those songs, composed on the morrow of 1870, which flourished at that time in the concert-halls: *Ne dansez pas, des Français dorment là; Ils ont brisé mon violon;* or *La patrouille allemande passe.*

When Mac-Nab began to recite his hexameters the gathering was very little inclined to melancholy, and the emaciated silhouette of that Gringoire pouring forth his patriotic eulogy produced a very unexpected effect upon his listeners. Everybody thought it was a hoax, inspired no doubt by the genial practical joker Alphonse Allais. Shouts of laughter, formidable applause, and exaggerated ovations welcomed the reading.

When the tumult had calmed down a little, Mac-Nab turned toward Goudeau, with an expression in his eyes of the deepest despair of which the human spirit is capable. The fact is that Mac-Nab, an employee of the post office, was far from rolling in money. Literature seemed to him a way of improving a situation that was anything but brilliant, and all at once his ambitions went to pieces, 'amid the laughter of the crowd.' Goudeau was a kind man, and this distress affected him. In the sheets that Mac-Nab had

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handed to him he discovered a little piece of which, by the change of a few strophes, one could make a thing of indescribable drollery. He earnestly advised the elegiac poet to change himself to a satirist. The other, who was not a fool, struck while the iron was hot. At the following assembly he read, in the same plaintive voice, *Les Poêles mobiles* and *Le Fœtus*. This time his success was not one of derision, but clear and decisive. When the Hydropaths abandoned the Latin Quarter and established themselves at Salis's, Mac-Nab followed the movement and recited there in his strange, distant, and deliberately false voice those two songs, *Le Bal de l'Hôtel de Ville* and *L'Expulsion des princes*, which are really two masterpieces of the type.

That is how the first, and no doubt the most characteristic, of Paris cabaret singers was born. If pitiless tuberculosis had not extinguished forever the song of that locust from the Posts and Telegraphs, he would no doubt have written a great many others. Alas, at that period such singers earned — their daily bock. To-day the least of them earns an honest living. Cabaret singing is no longer a career of hazard which leads to nothing except a chance to abandon it.

Aristide Bruant represents, in the ranks of the chansonniers, a unique type of poet, appreciated equally by the common people and by literary men. He may be traced back to Villon easily enough, but in point of fact does not derive from anyone. Above all he is not an heir of Richepin. Between the *Chanson des gueux*, which is a masterpiece, but which the ragamuffins themselves have never read and will never read, and the savory pieces of *Dans la rue* there is an abyss comparable with that which yawns between the normal-scholar Richepin and the acclimated Beauceron of the Boulevard Rochechouart.

It may be objected that Bruant's heroes are drawn from a class of people whose interest is debatable. The cutthroat, the Apache, the beggar, and the bully are obviously figures less noble than the heroes of *Jerusalem Delivered;* but whether we like it or not, this frightful and picturesque world exists. Hugo, from his Olympian heights, bent over it. The life of thieves inspired one of the finest chapters of *Les Misérables*. Bruant was not forbidden to draw from that Gehenna and to study at once its color and its disturbing psychology. Among those outcasts one often finds human sentiments as old as the world, strange aspirations toward the Infinite, and distortions of points of honor which sometimes place a knife in the hands of a robber for other purposes than vulgar assassination. From the hulks, from the jails where society, which must protect itself, shuts up these dregs, there escapes, from time to time, a song. The author remains prudently anonymous; but all those who, like Bruant, Loredan, Larchey, de Bercy, have been the interpreters of that poetry of crime could tell you that it is often marked by accents at once moving and terrible and of an incontestable beauty.

The beginnings, the career, and the recent end of the author of *À Saint-Lazare* are well known. Coming from that rich green countryside of the Basse-Bourgogne and of the Beauce, Bruant, who scrupulously kept its racy dialect, became immediately in Paris one of the elect of Montmartre, and his whole existence was spent up there, in the old Montmartre, on that part of the Butte which borders on the Boulevard Barbès and the rue Caulincourt.

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He did not care about the Montmartre of the night boxes or of the great 'bamboula.' I do not think I have ever seen him in an artistic cabaret; those fashionable places inspired him with a kind of fear. And yet he followed our efforts, often encouraged them, and kept himself well informed as to the progress and the value of a literature very different from his own.

Quite alone, aided only by a placid pianist and a waiter whom we had baptised 'Cholera' because of his great ugliness, in a little shop which the first Chat Noir had just abandoned because it was too small, Bruant played for thirty years tirelessly and masterfully his rôle as a singer of the brothers of misery and as a poet of the outlaws. He interpreted his words in such a way that, without gestures, without varying intonations, without 'effects,' he proved himself capable of convincing evocation. The music with which he accompanied his refrains, poignant sometimes to the point of being really painful, fitted the words like a glove. How many times, on hearing him swing into his poem, *À la Chapelle*, have I seen the vision of those faubourg corners which, during the period from 1889 to 1895, presented, under the shadows of night with their silent and uncertain solitudes, a spectacle whose sadness was not without beauty.

Aristide Bruant, who had as companion one of the most interesting woman singers who has ever been applauded on our lyric stages, after having left the boards, and even the haunts of the Butte, for the less eccentric ways of Clignancourt, divided his life between his property at Courtenay and the capital.

When the funeral procession took away the body of the chansonnier toward his beloved Beauce, in spite of the extremely early hour the whole of intellectual Paris came to salute for the last time that original poet who had succeeded in building for himself an ivory tower and living there without arousing jealousy, because he had a heart full of pity.

A singer whom nothing at the beginning of his life seemed to destine for the boards of Montmartre was Gaston Secrétan. All Parisians who have frequented the Pie Qui Chante and the Lune Rousse are familiar with his high silhouette, his bearded face, lightened every now and then by a sudden flame of irony, comic because unexpected in so serious a countenance. His couplets, which are always in good taste and whose wit is of the best fabric, make him much sought after in official ceremonies at the ward halls, at association banquets, and at most scientific gatherings, where he is an almost indispensable ornament. When he appears in these severe and learned circles he is generally taken for a distinguished chemist or an eminent professor on the faculty of medicine, and this error is easy to understand. In point of fact, the singer's father belonged to the medical profession — in a sense. A great many of the inhabitants of Passy remember the Secrétan pharmacy, one of the best-situated and one of the most patronized in that elegant quarter. There the future chansonnier, under the guidance of a father who was not given to joking, made his start as a prescriptionist while continuing his studies at school.

He went about his work, to tell the truth, with a resigned docility, much as one follows a funeral. Pharmacology seemed to him the tomb of his dreams. The demon of the couplet haunted the young druggist's mind, but at that period, — 1905, — so recent, yet already so distant, parents did not trifle with their offspring on the subject of a career. Secrétan's parents learned one

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day with lively hostility that he aspired to become not a pharmacist but a Parnassian, and that he was willing to abandon the pestle for the lyre, and the austere pleasures of the laboratory for those of the cabaret platform. Still more serious was the rumor that Gaston Secrétan composed little couplets and epigrams in which the established régime was satirized. The family promptly placed this kind of behavior under surveillance.

The patrons of the shop looked with surprise upon this tall boy for whom *Cannabis indica* and *Papaver officinalis* stood chiefly for harmonious hemistiches of Latin verse, and who did them the unforeseen honor, while they were waiting for their prescriptions, of submitting to their criticism his last topical quatrains. They were surprised to find, on the back of their prescriptions, lines of unequal length in which the Republic and the stoutness of President Fallières were amusingly lampooned. But they did not conceal the fear that this lyre-bearing prescriptionist inspired in them, and the terror in which they lived of seeing him, in a moment of poetic abstraction, substitute potassium cyanide for bicarbonate of soda.

They communicated their fears to the right person. Father Secrétan tried to put the brakes on these inclinations of his son's, which seemed to him at once regrettable and dangerous. But he was not a fool, and when he saw the success that his son achieved in the salons of friends, where he put on very amusing little revues, and learned that he was celebrated in the *goguettes* where he went to practise on the sly, he allowed the young Gaston to set sail for another port. It was no longer the period when the Chat Noir was unique, and ten cabarets disputed for the beginner. In a few months the ex-prescriptionist had built up his public and made for himself a remarkable place in the ranks of the Montmartre satirists — one more whom a muse of the artistic and literary cabarets has attracted and has supported, and who has made for himself on the boards a position which the pharmacy would probably never have given him.

Fursy, who is the best known, no doubt, of contemporary chansonniers, came to the topical song by the most direct route — that of journalism. For on *La France* — at the time when Émile de Girardin's paper was still at the height of its popularity — Fursy played several different rôles, and even — in a masterly way — that of a parliamentary reporter and political leader-writer. At the age of twenty-four, after a few months' probation in the press galleries, Fursy had attained a success that aroused the jealously of the veterans. His reports, his 'echoes,' his gossip, disturbed the tranquil plodding of the old men of the road who were his confrères.

As for the politicians, he had become their nightmare. No one knew so well as he did how to extort from a leader, even from the President of the Council, one of those indiscreet speeches that raise a general hue and cry on the day after the paper has come out, and start passionate discussions. He was already, without intending to be, one of the entertainers of the parliamentary Grand Guignol. The rulers of that period, from whom he wrested interviews between two doors, on a staircase, or on the sidewalk of the Quai d'Orsay, never dared to leave the Cabinet-room without casting anxious glances around. The secretaries and undersecretaries, the chiefs and the subordinates of the Cabinet, and the numerous attachés, kept a vigilant guard about the chief in vain. With the boldness of youth and the skill of a housebreaker, Fursy would penetrate

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to His Excellency, seize him by his lapel, and say: —

'One word — just one word, Monsieur le Ministre!'

'The fact is — I have no time.'

'One second! Only a second! Let me just ask you —' And Fursy would pour out his questions. It would be a good quarter of an hour before he would release his prey and tear off, full of information extorted with a masterly hand, toward the editorial rooms of *La France.*

One day one of the most taciturn and least easy-going ministers we ever had, Alexandre Ribot, after a stormy session, decided to grant no interviews to 'those pestiferous journalists.' Suspecting that Fursy, ambushed in some corner of the Palais, might spring at his neck, he resolved to leave by way of the library, and, knowing that he would not succeed in throwing his persecutor off the scent, he had the corridor guarded by an usher six feet tall. When the future ballad-singer, guided, like the Sioux on the warpath, by infallible instinct, flung himself upon the tracks of the Minister, he bumped into the loyal and robust servant.

'Why,' he said with his finest smile, 'Émile, it is I!'

'My duty,' said Émile, 'is to let no one pass.'

'Come, come, old fellow,' insisted Fursy, 'that's not serious. I have just reserved a box of Marylands for you at the buffet!'

'Even if it were Little Caporals,' said the usher sarcastically, 'no one is to pass.'

And, saying that, he blocked the whole corridor with his torso. In so doing, unfortunately, this Colossus of Rhodes extended his very long legs — legs under which, perhaps, no boats could have sailed, but which formed for an audacious reporter a particularly tempting arch.

Fursy did not hesitate. He darted under that unhoped-for vault and in one second was upon Father Ribot, like a tiger on a gazelle. The startled Minister stopped, rolled his melancholy eyes anxiously, and, observing the act which his persecutor had performed, smiled a wan smile. Taking the reporter by the ear and pinching it affectionately, he said: —

'Young man, you will go far!'

In fact, Fursy did go far one day — far from the Chamber and legislative discussions. He was not made to rust in the reporters' gallery at the Deputies. He went up toward the Butte, and, as opportunity was open to all, he practised reciting a few couplets at the Cabaret de Corillan. It was an intimate and charming little room directed by the poet-journalist Bertrand Millevoix. He knew how to please when he sang, and the public took up eagerly this newcomer who, leaving aside the conventional songs of the time, fabricated in a single hour and recited with irresistible vivacity the couplet that sparkles with the topic of the day — the chanson of the moment. It was an agreeable surprise for Parisians to see contemporary robberies, recent patriotic celebrations, or exposés of well-known clairvoyants, sung in topical form as soon as they were revealed to the public. It was still journalism, if you will — the performance of a musical leader-writer; but it was carried off with so much witty gayety and daring — more apparent than real — that Paris conferred upon this entertainer escaped from the corridors of Parliament an affection that has never been withdrawn.

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AT HALF-PAST FIVE[1]

BY V. A. PEARN

'Excuse me, mates, got to kill a man at half-past five.'

With this unusual explanation of his haste, the old man almost fell into the railway carriage as the Portsmouth-to-Waterloo express pulled out of the station. He stood, swaying his great bulk easily to the movement of the train, while he hoisted his bag into the rack; then he lowered himself into his seat, and seemed, almost at once, to fall into an uneasy doze.

The two young officers, who preceded him by a moment, stared at him, startled, nonplussed, almost open-mouthed. They were exceedingly young officers and very new at their job, and they were already just a little flurried by finding themselves in a third-class carriage. Officers travel first-class!

'A queer customer,' Second-Lieutenant Phillips remarked.

'Said he was going to kill a man,' Davidson of the same rank replied. 'Think we ought to do anything about it?'

'Chaffing you, that's what he was.' The pretty little actress in the corner pulled her furs more closely about her. 'Don't you get the wind up! It was just his little joke.'

'Think so? One might make an ass of one's self if one tried to interfere.' Davidson contemplated the improbable with courage. 'Best to lie low,' he said.

'All the same, I'd like to know what lingo that is he's talking to himself. Just listen a minute,' Phillips said.

Three occupants of the carriage were silent. The old man's head had fallen forward on his chest. In guttural words that burred thickly on his tongue, he muttered to himself while he slept.

'That's not English,' Davidson averred.

'Nor French. I,' Second-Lieutenant Phillips explained, 'took a prize for French at school.'

'One ought to be careful in these days. Not let the signing of the peace treaties lull us into false security, eh, what!' Lieutenant Davidson felt for his budding moustache, and two pairs of nice blue eyes bulged slightly as they rested on the gnarled face opposite them.

'We must remember,' Phillips added, 'that this train comes from one of England's chief naval ports.'

'You keep on remembering it,' the little actress advised. 'Don't you take your mind off it for one moment, or it'll be all U P with the British Navy.' She gave Phillips a little nod of her dainty head, pulled her hat a trifle more to one side, crossed her legs, showing conspicuously a pretty ankle in a darned silk stocking, and settled down to her novel.

The train rattled its way across the southern counties that lay half-veiled under wisps of mist. The old man sat so immobile, so withdrawn, as to appear almost inhuman in the fading light. Every now and then, with a thick sound of soft gutturals he muttered to himself.

The mist came into the carriage. Something else came into the carriage,

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *October*

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too. An atmosphere? A feeling? A portent? Or the sound of the sands of a man's life falling, falling, to stop at half-past five? The actress moved uneasily and shivered. Second-Lieutenant Phillips broke nervously into unnecessary words.

'Be a bit thick by the time we get to London,' he remarked. 'Fog, you know, and all that.'

The actress glanced out of the window. 'My luck's out if there's a fog,' she said. 'I've just finished playing panto, in the provinces. Got a chance of a West End show. I'll miss it if this old creepy-crawly does the slow-motion stunt.'

'Dirrty weather, and there's a dirrty night comin'.' The old man lifted his head; for a moment he appeared to wake to full consciousness of his surroundings. His small gray eyes looked appraisingly from face to face; then a film like the film of the fog seemed to creep over them again. 'Ess sure, a dirrty night for them that lies off a lee shore. A lee shore and no soundings.' His voice trailed away, his eyes closed, his head jerked with the jerk of the train. Once more he muttered in a strange and guttural tongue. Once more he seemed to withdraw into an isolation utterly mysterious to his fellow travelers.

Strange, outlandish, foreign, he looked — this huge hulk of a man, gnarled and weather-beaten, with his vast mahogany-colored face, the features twisted and scarred, the little eyes deep-sunken, gleaming queerly beneath overhanging brows where gray hairs, thick as bristles, stuck out at unexpected angles. His long upper lip, clean-shaven, was shut closely over the strong but stained teeth. He wore a rough suit of dark-blue cloth, old and shabby, and over it a thick, short overcoat of the same color. His high bowler hat was on the rack. His grizzled hair was close-cropped upon his massive head.

The old man sat, bent forward a little, with a hand on either knee. Such hands! All a man's life-history in their scarred and tattooed breadth. Strong hands still, with a growth of dark hair on their backs; hands that still would find it easy to crush and kill. On the right a butterfly was tattooed with widespread blue wings, and on the left lay pictured a serpent's head, the body coiling its length about the wrist and disappearing up the sleeve.

'A queer customer' was the verdict written on the faces of the officers as they stared at him. But the eyes of the actress rested on him with admiration. 'When that was young,' she said to herself, 'my holy godfathers, it must have been a man!'

'I'd give a week's pay to know what that language is he talks to himself,' Phillips said suddenly.

'I don't see its any business of ours,' Davidson replied.

'I'm with you there, old dear,' the actress chipped in, 'though I've a sort of feeling I might give a guess myself if I was given time and to spare.'

'The safety of the country is everyone's business,' Phillips said; 'and,' he added, 'I've no doubt you learned German at school.'

'Oh, give it a rest.' The ankle was uncrossed with an impatient fling! 'We 've heard a bit too much of that sort of bilge. I'll take my Bible oath England is n't in any sort of danger from that.' She nodded toward the heavy head that dropped lower and lower. Her brown curls danced under her soft brown hat.

The fog thickened. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. London was only some thirty miles away. The train gave a jolt as it passed over the points of Woking junction. The old man awoke.

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'Dirrty weather! A lee shore and no —' He pulled himself together, a look of caution crept into his eyes. 'What was I saying, mates?'

'Only passing a remark about the weather,' the girl told him.

'That all?' The old man seemed relieved. 'I forgets myself sometimes. No one ought n't to go talking about their private affairs in a railway carriage, mates.'

'You 're right there, old dear,' the actress agreed. 'It's not a thing I should think of doing myself.'

'You must excuse of me, talking like that. I'm a ole man. A ole man what's seen a deal of life in ees time.' He seemed to be getting drowsy again. 'Ess, a deal o' life.' Suddenly he straightened his great form: 'Lived,' he said, clearly and loudly, 'lived to see ole England go to the dogs.'

Phillips bristled. 'England is a very great and victorious country, sir.'

'Eh! What! What's that you 're saying? Ess, ess,' the old man raised his head again. 'Dogs,' he said, 'Jewish dogs. That's what I tell you.' Again his mind seemed to wander. 'A lee shore,' he muttered, 'an' a thick night o' fog.'

The actress bent forward a little and smiled at him. 'I know who 'll be on a lee shore if we 're late getting into Waterloo,' she said cheerfully, 'and that's this child.'

The old man turned toward her. A gleam in his eye and a slight gesture of his whole body acknowledged that he was speaking to a woman, and she young. 'You in a hurry?' he asked. 'Sure, train would hurry up if her knowed. There's none of us won't crowd on a bit of sail to please a purty maid. I'm hoping myself 't won't be so very long before we gets in. I've got a appointment, I 'ave. A appointment at half-past five.'

He rose as he spoke. The great bulk of him bent low in the carriage. He took his shabby black bag from the rack, and sat down with the bag on his knees. His hands fumbled as he opened it. He took out a flask of spirits and a large old-fashioned revolver. He set the revolver down very carefully on the seat by his side and unscrewed the top of the flask. The smell of brandy floated on the air.

''Ave a drink, mates,' the old man offered. ''T is good stuff for a dirrty night!'

Both the officers refused. He filled the cup of the flask and tossed off a great draught with a nod of his head toward the pretty actress. The neat spirit seemed to wake him up.

'A good drink, and a good gun, mates,' he said, and, picking up the revolver, he handled it caressingly, drawing his great thumb down the metal polished by many a hand-grip. 'This ole gun's killed many a man in its time.'

'Killed men, has it?' The actress spoke with light, half-amused interest, while the two young officers stared at the old weapon with fascinated gaze.

'Ess, to be sure! More 'n one, up there in Chiney when I was a young boy. They with their pigtails! And a white man gone native on the Barbary coast. Wanted killing, he did! And blacks and cannibals in them islands off Australey. And a sight of others more than I can bring to mind these days. A man o' my years can't keep tally o' every man he's killed. Stands to reason, mates.' The gray eyes shot a hostile look around the carriage as if their owner expected to be asked to account, then and there, for the number of his slain.

'Off Australia, that's the Pacific Islands! I've always heard there was a lot of German influence there,' Phillips said.

'Oh, give it a rest, you and your influ-

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ences!' The actress laid a tentative finger on the revolver, and smiled into the old man's face. 'You 've seen life, old dear, as you remarked,' she said.

'I 've seen life. And I 've seen enough of it. That's for why I'm going to kill a man with this gun at half-past five!'

'Give him a chance,' the girl replied lightly. 'Make it six o'clock, old sport; give him time to have his tea in peace.'

'He ain't give me no chance, and I won't give him no chance.'

Finality was in the words. A slight look of uneasiness flitted across the actress's face. She was finding it just a little difficult to maintain her belief in the joking nature of the old man's threat. Her eyes rested on him as he took a bundle of papers from his bag. He spread them on the seat, muttered over them, counting on his thick fingers, and talking to himself in that unknown tongue of his.

The papers rustled, the officers whispered together, the girl took out her vanity-bag and powdered her pretty face. The mist thickened into fog. The train was rushing through the pine-woods that lie between Woking and Weybridge. Three people were beginning to realize that it is possible to feel very isolated in the carriage of an express train.

Suddenly the old man shoved his papers together with a muttered oath. He opened his great palms, spat on them, first one and then the other, rubbed them on his trousers, inspected them, and gave a dissatisfied shake of his head.

'If you 're going to kill a man, 't is but decent to do it with clean hands,' he said. He rose and lurched his way into the lavatory.

As the door closed on him, Phillips rose to his feet. 'That old man means what he says. Something has to be done about it. I shall pull the communication cord and speak to the guard.'

'Pull away if it amuses you.' The girl made no movement to let Phillips reach the cord. 'I hope you 've got the dollars to pay the fine,' she remarked.

'I beg your pardon.' Phillips reached past her and pulled. 'This,' he informed her, 'is a serious matter, a matter for men.'

'And officers,' Davidson added.

The actress shrugged her shoulders. 'Don't you go getting that old dear into trouble, that's all,' she said.

'But he said he was going to kill a man.'

'In my opinion,' the young actress mentioned, 'there's some people would be the better for killing.' She settled herself with a little detaching gesture that gave her the last word.

The old man had not returned when the train stopped just outside Weybridge and the guard appeared.

'What's all this? Do you know what you're a-doing of — stopping the express?' A gruff voice, a face, wet with the fog, above a red tie. The guard was hailed with a confused volume of explanation.

'Coming up from chief naval port! Papers, probably maps! Talking in a foreign language! Firearms! Threats of murder! Using language disparaging of England!'

'In there, is he?' The guard jerked his head toward the lavatory door. 'Well, I can't hardly go and fetch him out, can I? But he ought n't to have firearms, not on this line. I'll 'ave the London police rung up when we stops to water at Esher, and let them know what you says.'

'I should n't like to bring any actual charge,' Phillips began.

'Train's quarter of an hour late already. Can't wait any longer.' The carriage door was shut with a bang.

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'You've done it now,' the pretty actress remarked. 'And I'm sure I hope you're pleased. What did you do *after* the great war, daddy? Made a fool of myself on the Portsmouth express!'

As she spoke, the train went on its way and the old man returned to the carriage. He had apparently washed his face as well as his hands, for the grizzled hair above his forehead shone wet.

'Past four bells and a foggy evening. Time's getting on,' he said cheerfully. He sat down, took up his revolver, and rested it on his knee. He did not seem drowsy now. He seemed to be — waiting!

The three other travelers also waited. For what the old man might do next? For what was to happen at Waterloo? Or merely because the tension in the carriage was growing more acute? Because they all shared the feeling that something was going to happen. Now? At the end of the journey? At half-past five?

The train paused outside Esher. Three pairs of eyes met and fell away again. After Esher the fog deepened. Fog signals broke out. The train crawled between dim and wavering lights.

Vauxhall more than half an hour late! The actress rose and got down her suitcase. 'I might just do it,' she said, 'if I had the luck to get a taxi. But I've got to see this out.'

'I say,' — Phillips's voice was nervous, shaky a little, — 'what do they do to them now, now the war's over?' he asked.

'Cut 'em up; and boil 'em down into flapdoodle to feed fools with!' was the answer snapped at him as the train drew into Waterloo.

Pistol in hand, the old man rose. 'Not so far out of our reckoning, after all,' he remarked. 'I shall be there on time.' He prepared to leave the railway carriage.

A stir on the platform. Men shouldering their way through the crowd. 'That's it. That's them. Carriage number ninety-three. Stop them.' The fellow passengers found themselves cut off from the crowd by three men with that curious look of wearing clothes that do not belong to them that marks the policeman in plain clothes.

'There he is. That's the man! Got his revolver in his hand!' A hand was laid on the old man's shoulder. 'Here, mister, hand over your firearms. You've got to come along with me.'

'What's the matter, mates? What's the matter?' The big head turned from side to side while the three plain-clothes men hung on their captive like terriers on an old bull. 'Don't you go stopping of me.' The voice rumbled and boomed above the muffled roar of confused traffic. 'I've got a appointment, a appointment at half-past five.'

'Can't help that,' one of the plain-clothes men snapped. 'You've got to come along to the station and give an account of yourself. Can't go loose about London talking gibberish and threatening murder. Come along with me.'

The old man made no attempt to obey the compulsion of the hands that held him. He stood quite still. He seemed to be making a great effort to focus on the present moment the wandering fantasy of his brain.

'Put under arrest, am I? What's the charge, mates?'

A moment's hesitation. The plain-clothes men looked at each other. The crowd of travelers, checked by the sense that something was happening, turned from the exit, swayed, pushed close about the group, while the great curtain of the fog billowed like tent walls under the glass roof.

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'I don't wish to make any definite charge.' Phillips's voice sounded oddly thin.

'Charge was definite enough when it reached me over the 'phone from Esher. What they said was — '

'Put under arrest.' The policeman's voice was lost in the boom of the old man's distress. 'Put under arrest! With my record! Won't no one tell a ole man what they say he's done?'

'I'll tell you.' The little actress had pushed her way between the policemen. She stood close to the old man, her slim body pressed against his hulk, her fur coat falling open, showing the thin silk of her dress. Angry and hostile, her eyes swept the faces of the men. 'I'll tell you, old dear,' she cried. 'They've arrested you because those two young softheads don't know an Englishman when they see one.'

'It was *not* English he was speaking,' Phillips broke in.

'And we'd every reason to believe he was hostile to England,' Davidson added.

'Not English,' the old man repeated softly. 'Not English.' Then his voice broke out in a bellow that echoed in the fog that veiled the roof. 'Took me for a bloody foreigner! By the Lord God A'mighty, they've took me for a spy!' The word was flung out, spat out. For a moment the policemen were cowed by the outburst of violence that had in it something elemental, like a tidal wave, like a gale. 'God!' the great voice cried out. 'God! Look at this! Arrested! Me with my record! Arrested for a spy! Me that's served under Charlie B., an' old Jack Fish, an' Keppel, an' King-Hall, an' Kennedy, and the rest o' em, way back to Charlie Napier that was Admiral o' the Fleet. Me that's sailed on the Rodney, an' the Nimrod, an' the Saucy Arethusy, an' the Billy Roughun, an' the old Encounter, an' the Vengeance, an' many a vessel more before ever steam was let loose to go dirrtying clean seas. Arrested! Me that's been wrecked three times an' left for dead once, and near died o' cholera, and near died o' yellow-jack, an' near died o' thirst in 'sixty-five, becalmed in the Red Sea. Aw, they've harried me, they have! They've driven me! They've tried their Devil's ways on me, till I'm mad and mazed, God knows, an' now, an' now — they've arrested me for a spy! Me that's served England on the high seas for sixty year.'

So far he was heard clearly to the utmost border of the crowd. Then his speech changed. The vowel sounds thickened and softened, and the consonants burred on his lips. Then the booming voice died away as the policeman took him by the arm.

'That's all very well! You'll be given a chance to prove what you've been saying. You come along with us.'

'He said he was going to kill a man,' Phillips justified himself.

'And listen to the lingo he talks,' Davidson added.

'Yes, listen to him!' The trained voice of the young actress rang in the ears of the gathering throng. 'Listen to him! I know now what he's talking. It's just come back to me. That's Devonshire, that is. I'm a West Country girl myself, and when I was little I used to have an uncle that talked that way. There have always been seamen out of Devon. That's Devon talk, I give you my solemn word.'

'If you know anything about him you'd better come along to the police station with him.'

'Police station! Me with my record! No police station for a man that's served his sixty year.'

'Now don't you go resisting the police in the execution of — '

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'Resist,' the girl cried, and faced the policemen and the crowd pressing out of the fog. 'Resist! I'll do all the resisting anyone wants. Oh, you blind fools. Can't you see? Can't you hear? Look at him! Look at the tattoo marks on his hands. Look at the ribbons of his medals inside his coat! Listen to his talk and the names he has on his lips. Can't you see what he is? Can't you tell what this means to him?' The little actress threw out her hands to the crowd with the tears running down her face. 'Is n't there anyone here who can help? Is n't anyone here who can speak for him? Is n't there anyone here that knows a Devon seaman when he sees him, or are you all cockney Jews and not an Englishman in the place?'

For a moment she held them all. For a moment all eyes were fixed on the pretty and passionate child in her anger and her tears. For a moment. The next: —

'Gone! He's gone! Got away! Stop him!' Pushing their way through the crowd, the policemen gave chase.

But there was no sign of the old seaman. Helped by the fog, he had slipped away and disappeared, across the line perhaps, perhaps under some stationary train. He had gone as completely as if the fog had taken him to itself.

The crowd followed the chase. The little actress stood alone on the deserted platform. She hesitated a moment, then picked up her suitcase. 'My giddy gondoliers! If that old dear gets out of this, he'll be run over as sure as I've lost my job.' She darted along the platform with a swift tapping of high heels, past the ticket-collector who was talking to a policeman, past the crowd about the entrance, out into the swirl and confusion of the fog.

It was in Waterloo Road she found him. Just under the archway she saw the great hulk of the man swerve aside from the bonnet of a motor-omnibus. The next moment she had him by the arm.

He seemed to take her presence for granted. One glance he flung her. 'Shook off they jackals,' he said briefly. 'Time's getting on. Got to kill a man at half-past five.'

'Lord!' she gasped. 'Never mind killing anyone else. Let's get out of this. You'll get killed yourself next.' She hung on to his arm with both hands.

Without another word, he dragged her along in his wake. Evidently he knew where he was going. His sailor's sense of direction held true in spite of the fog that made the whole world one monstrous fantasy. People knocked against them, swore, and passed on. Taxicabs swerved wildly as the looming figures crossed their path. Farther and farther into the East End they plunged. The voices sounding about them were foreign in accent and in pitch. Dark faces, Jewish, Italian, were glimpsed and disappeared. There was a patter of Yiddish on one side of them, a spitting of Russian on the other, as they turned down a narrow side-street.

'I'm not doing a ha'p'orth of good,' the girl said aloud. 'I've lost my West End chance, and I'll meet my end under a tram, but I've got to see this through.' She clung with all her might to the rough sleeve, and the strange progress continued through the fog.

The actress had lost all idea of their whereabouts when the old man paused, shoved his shoulder against a door that opened to his push, blundered up a narrow stairway, dragging her after him, and stopped in a dingy vestibule where a deal form stood opposite a door with blistered and dirty paint.

'He's in there'; the old man jerked his thumb at the door. 'It won't be no sight for females. You sit down here.'

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He deposited her on the bench, heaved himself in at the door, and the door slammed after him. The little actress was alone on the bare landing with the fog creeping up the stair.

She found herself staring at a small brass rim in the centre of the door. It enclosed a dirty visiting-card. 'Mr. Isaac Levison. Terms easy. Arrangements private,' read the little actress.

Mr. Isaac Levison. Terms easy. Arrangements private! Going to kill a man at half-past five!

The actress glanced at her wrist-watch. 'Five-and-twenty past, and I'm a few minutes slow.' She rose to her feet. 'I'm not going to have him strung up for killing some dirty Sheeny if I can help it,' she said.

She pushed the door and it yielded to her touch. She went in. She saw a dingy room where yellow gas burned dimly in the yellow fog, a litter of papers and a strong-box on a table, and a little man, yellow, dark, dingy, like the room, sitting crouched with his arms flung out in front of him, his hands, dirty and clawlike, spread over as many of the papers as they could cover. His black eyes were fastened in horror on the man who sat in the Windsor chair opposite him with the old-fashioned seven-chambered revolver nursed carefully in his hands.

As the girl came in the old seaman looked up. He nodded pleasantly to her. ''T is n't quite the half-hour yet,' he said; 'we was on time after all. I did say 't was n't no sight for females, but, Lord love 'ee, 't would n't hurt a babby to see vermin like that done in.' He made a gesture with his head toward the man who sat, clutching and quivering, opposite him.

Speech broke from the shaking mouth. 'Here you, he would murther me, that one. I charge my usual rate. Ver' good, ver' kind. And he would murther me. You go for the police; I give you — '

The clock of a neighboring church struck the half-hour. With a sweep of his arm, the old man put the girl aside. Slowly he rose to his feet, slowly he lifted his revolver.

'Look here! Don't! He is n't worth it. Don't — '

He was holding her back easily and with no exertion of his vast strength. The clock struck slowly, heavily, as if the fog had got into the works. The last stroke! A shriek burst from the money-lender. The revolver went off with a report that seemed to shatter the very heart of the fog.

The smoke cleared slowly. The money-lender crouched over his table, uttering scream on scream. But it was not on him that the actress's eyes were fixed. Not on him, nor on the blackened hole above his head where the bullet had spent itself, but on the old seaman's face. For a moment he stood, drawn to his full height. Concerned not at all with the useless bullet's fate. Looking out! Looking far! Beyond the sordid room! Beyond the billowing fog! Unto what distant shores? Across what far-off seas?

'Served — England — on — the — high — seas — for — sixty year.' The words fell slowly; slowly the great bulk collapsed and sank on itself. The girl's arms supported him. Saved him from falling outright. Lowered him on to the hearth. He rolled over on to his back, gave one long shudder, and was still.

Frantically the girl called to him. 'Here you! Hold up, old dear! Hold up! You have n't done him any harm. Hold up till I get your flask out of your pocket — '

'It is n't no use, miss,' a cockney voice sounded in her ear. 'I 've seen them go like that before. His heart 's broke.'

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'Then you've broken it,' the actress cried, as she rose and faced one of the plain-clothes policemen. 'You've broken it. You and those young silly asses with their arresting and their spies.'

'Now, there you're wrong,' the policeman answered. 'Here's the man I make out to be answerable,' and he pointed to 'Mr. Isaac Levison. Terms easy. Arrangements private.' 'No, you don't.' The policeman grabbed at the money-lender as he made for the door. 'You're wanted. Charges of blackmail and illegal interest. You come along with me.'

'But I have done no-sing. When his wife ill I lend him money. I lend him money to bury his wife when she die. Ver' good, ver' kind!'

'I'll be bound you was,' the policeman answered. 'You come along with me and answer for it.' He turned to the girl. 'There was papers in that black bag the old man left behind. It was all there. He'd got into the clutches of a money-lender. A lot of old seamen do. A tight clutch, miss. Took his pension. Took his little home. Pretty near killed him with the worry. Pretty near drove him mad. When he got right down desperate it come natural to a man like him to go and kill the one what did him in. He must have been dying when he come here. Kept himself alive for this. It's all over now. If you don't mind staying here a few minutes, I'll send someone in.'

'I'll stay,' the girl said briefly, and listened to the sound of 'Mr. Isaac Levison, Terms easy, Arrangements private' being conveyed downstairs.

The old seaman lay on the bare boards of the floor. The battered hulk of him, weatherworn, battle-scarred, obsolete now, and now come to its end. The shifting yellow light played over the mahogany-colored face twisted by the seams of sword-cuts and the seams of bullet-wounds got in forgotten battles on strange coasts and on the high seas.

The vast and knotted hands, with the blue tattoo-marks on their backs, lay slack and still — hands that had been familiar with cutlass and with pistol, with tarred ropes that slipped swiftly to the sound of chanteys. The little finger of the left hand had been broken and set awry. Broken in what battle? In what horseplay 'way down 'tween decks? In what sailors' doss-house rough-and-tumble fight? Across the right palm lay the scar of a burn. Mark of fire in the stokehold? Or of red-hot loot snatched before the roof fell in? The old bluejacket's history was written in the sea's language on the hands that had learned to haul on the main-sail before a medley of steel ropes replaced the winged beauty of the sailing ships. They had loosed their taut grip on life at last — those mighty hands. Down at last and out, the old seaman lay, his life's rough adventure ended in a Jewish money-lender's den.

The little actress knelt by his side. She drew the lids down over eyes that had been used to look into the eye of the gale. She placed the tattooed hands together on his breast. Then she lifted her head and listened — listened. The sound of London's traffic seemed to have withdrawn itself, to have become regular, steady, monotonous, like the sound of the sea when the spring tides come in. Kneeling by the side of the dead seaman, the actress heard the long *hush-hush* of the breaking waves, and into the fog-bound room there drifted the smell of salt water, the smell of tar, the smell of seaweed, that odor and breath of the sea that catches with a wild nostalgia at the heart of those who occupy their business on the great waters.

And the little actress who had been playing in pantomime in the provinces

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was caught away with a sudden passion for the sea that bore her native land on its breast — with sudden insight into the old sea-life of England that had brought forth such men as he who lay, where alien greed and commercialism had flung him, brandy-soaked and heartbroken and dead. And she cried aloud to the dead seaman with a cry that went out into the fog that held the sound of the long waves in its depths.

'They did n't know you for an Englishman,' she cried. 'But you're England, England, England!' She bent and kissed his hands where the blue butterfly spread wide its wings, and tears from her pretty eyes fell on the old seaman's face.

THE HOUSE

BY MONK GIBBON

[Irish Statesman]

PRESENTLY, when the stir
Dies in the little street,
When I no longer heed
Chatter or passing feet;

When I have learned to use
Window and door and bolt,
How to outwit the knave,
How to expel the dolt;

No longer mocked by lies,
No longer prey to fool,
No longer tyrannized,
I shall begin to rule.

Too much confusion now,
Too wild a discontent,
Too many voices heard,
Servants grown insolent:

Time to assert the will,
Time to make clear my choice,
Time to begin to speak
With a more certain voice:

Ordered at last throughout,
Ridden of bat and mouse,
Presently I shall be
Master in my own house.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PLAYS TOLERABLE AND INTOLERABLE

In England the Censor forbids the representation of such plays as *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (until recently) and *Desire under the Elms* on grounds that, whatever one's views may be, are conventional enough to be obvious at first blush. In Moscow there is also a censor, and he is at least as active as his English fellow-Cato, but he has at offending dramas with very dissimilar weapons. 'He' is, as a matter of fact, a Repertory Committee which has recently published a list of plays and operas that may not be given during the coming season. *Lohengrin*, for example, has been condemned as a mystical production, unrepresentative of the composer's best genius; but *Parsifal* has apparently escaped the blue pencil. Schiller's *Mary Stuart* has been barred as 'religious and monarchical.' Massenet's opera, *Werther*, has been struck off the list on the ground that 'it is irrational in our age to cultivate Werther moods.' The Committee also insisted on the deletion of a scene from Tschaikowsky's opera, *Eugene Onegin*, because 'it depicts idyllic relations between the landlords and the peasants.'

These decisions did not go unreproved even in Communist ranks. A writer named Larin, entering a humorous competition initiated by a Moscow newspaper for the nomination of the biggest Soviet fools, declared, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, that the Repertory Committee had won 'hands down.' 'It is an insult to the intelligence of the workers to impose such a stupid censorship on works of genius,' he wrote. 'What would Lenin have said if he could have known that the works of Dostoevskii and Pushkin are forbidden, or produced in mutilated form?'

Rigorous as this censorship is, however, it does not seem to have exercised a fatal influence on the Russian stage. A correspondent of the Rome *Tribuna* writes that forty theatres will be open in Moscow during this season, and forecasts a large number of plays and operas, classical and modern, by Russian and foreign writers, that are to be presented. One American dramatist, Eugene O'Neill, is represented on the list. His play, *The Hairy Ape*, — which the Moscow censor could hardly have banned, — will be put on at the Intimate Theatre, where *Antony and Cleopatra* — perhaps because of its exposure of the imperial temperament — is also scheduled.

'The Theatre of the Revolution,' says this correspondent, 'founded in 1920 and directed by O. D. Kameneva, of the school of Meierhold, plans for the creation of a new revolutionary repertory and the education of the new type of dramatic artist. In addition to the works performed last season, the Theatre of the Revolution will put on a work of Federsach's, *The Prisoner*, a satire on the Western bourgeoisie, and *The Dawn*, a drama by Romachev descriptive of the social and political activity of women.'

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In Italy itself a similar dualism exists — a similar cleavage between dramas which glorify the Fascist régime and are cherished by it, and dramas which either purposely or accidentally raise questions of individual liberty distasteful to all dictatorships. A play of each type has recently been presented before Italian audiences. The setting of both plays is deliberately historical rather than contemporary, but both aim unmistakably at contemporary matters. Sem Benelli, the well-known author of *The Jest*, and a former Fascist deputy, has attacked the principles of Fascism in a play called *The Tragedy of Love*, the scene of which is laid in Pistoia at the end of the thirteenth century; F.-V. Ratti has apotheosized the same principles in a drama called *Brutus*, of which the scene is of course laid in Republican Rome.

M. M.-J. Zeppa de Nolva, writing in the *Revue Mondiale*, explains that Signor Benelli, though his drama has been granted production, and though he has not been overtly persecuted, has been made the object of derisive attacks by the Government press. No wonder, since the protagonist of his play is a young Italian, imbued with the Franciscan spirit, who throws himself into the struggle between blacks and whites in his stormy city with no other arms than those of spirituality and brotherly good-will. Another leading figure is a sort of pre-Renaissance monster of cruelty who makes rhetorical speeches in a vein not perhaps even yet entirely exhausted south of the Alps: 'Hatred is life. Death is my servant; my dagger is my diversion. . . . For me, to live is to impose my will upon others, whether in gaming, in love, in government, in prayer, in costume, in gesture, alone or in company with my friends.'

In Signor Ratti's drama, on the other hand, the libertarian spirit of Brutus — so nobly outlined by Shakespeare — is made the object of a somewhat flamboyant satire, and the revolt against Cæsar, the embodiment of the principle of authority, is represented as a piece of ludicrous folly. In an impressive scene laid in the subjugated Athens of the late Roman republic, Brutus is exhorted by the Stoic Cratippus to look about him for evidence of what happens to a people who sacrifice everything, even political power, to the principle of individual liberty and free inquiry. No doubt the scene was hugely enjoyed by audiences who witnessed the play.

♔

THE YEAR OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THE coming month will see the celebration in Italy of the seven-hundredth anniversary of Saint Francis of Assisi. This saint is considered the special protector of the blind. A great pilgrimage is expected at his tomb in San Damiano, which many of the blind of Italy have united to adorn with a magnificent amphora of wrought iron, the work of the artist Alessandro Mazzucotelli. The celebration will be a quiet one: no speeches are expected, but a blind man will read aloud Saint Francis's *Cantico del Sole*, or Chant of the Sun, a primitive masterpiece of Italy's thirteenth-century literature, akin to the *Ritmo*, composed by an unknown monk, and the *lamenti* of Messina and Belluno. It was written for adaptation to the then prevalent church-music, the *sequentiæ*, and was sung by the people in the churches, on public squares, and during festivals. In this work, originally entitled *Cantico delle Creature*, the saintly author appears as an innovator, having sounded a note of cosmic love and fraternal feeling at a time when this was not customary in art. The author of a commemorative article in *La*

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Tribuna (Rome), himself a blind man, tells in detail the story of the gradual creation of this masterpiece, whose broad humane spirit made it the favorite hymn of the blind, and concludes: 'That is why, instead of celebrating the Saint's seven-hundredth anniversary on the day of his death, we chose the date on which the *Cantico del Sole* was written. We commemorate eternal light, not death.'

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ART AND TRADITION

THE Exposition of Decorative Arts has been the occasion, as might have been predicted, for not a little pro-and-conning in the French press, for not a little high argument over the questions of artistic principle it raised. The *Figaro* has taken the bull by the horns in the most decisive way by sending to 'the most eminent artists of all "camps"' the following questionnaire: —

'Is there and can there be an absolutely new art — that is to say, one which owes nothing to what has been produced in the course of the ages and which has nothing in common with it?

'Is the present method of art-instruction satisfactory or even sufficient? Can art dispense with all instruction?

'Has decorative art completely abolished every intellectual conception, and does sensation suffice to replace emotion and vision?

'Do you believe that after the extravagances of originality we have witnessed in the last few years there will be a reaction in favor of tradition?'

The first answer to be published is that of M. Louis Bonnier, who was chief architect for the 1925 Exposition, and who says, in part: 'The torch that has been lighted will not give us a new art, independent of all tradition, of all atavism, of all humanity, and all existence. It will give us a new art, new as is everything that is renewed in each individual, each generation, each people, each race, each century. This is still tradition; and in saying tradition one also says instruction — for instruction ought to be the report of experience to inexperience on the basis of possible assimilation, and not the obligation of a young intelligence to see through eyes that are already weary. Nothing is created, not even art, without a more or less apparent heredity. That is why instruction must be constantly improved, for it is always useful, whether the artist leans upon it or tears away from it — which is itself a way of profiting by it.

'As for the question whether we ought to get back to tradition, — that is, to the constant renewal of art, — it is tantamount to asking whether history must come to an end, the sun go out, and the world cease to revolve.'

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MARRIAGE AND THE TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER

COUNT KEYSERLING has now turned his attention to the problem of marriage, and, if he has not solved it, has at least thrown light on it in a symposium which he has edited and called *The Book of Marriage* — a symposium to which twenty-four German and foreign writers have contributed. It seems, indeed, that there might have been twenty-five if Mr. Bernard Shaw had not declined the invitation to contribute, on grounds that — set forth by the author of *Getting Married* — are distinctly entertaining. 'No man,' says Mr. Shaw, 'dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives. Unless, that is, he hates her, like Strindberg, and I don't. I shall read the volume with interest, knowing that it will consist chiefly of evasions, but I will not contribute to it.'

In spite of Mr. Shaw's refusal, Count

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Keyserling managed to draw out a fair number of important men and women on the subject: his contributors include Jung, Adler, Kretschmer, the Professor of Psychiatry at Tübingen, Dahlke, the great authority on Buddhism, and Mrs. Beatrice Hinkle, the American specialist on feminine psychology. The *Manchester Guardian*, which regrets Mr. Shaw's defection as much as we do, sums up the volume thus: —

> These authors have discovered that the 'cave-man type,' so highly thought of by some novelists, — and presumably some readers, — is really rather unpopular as a husband or lover; that the hen-pecked husband and the domineering wife belong to comic papers rather than to real life; and only one contributor, who is a Buddhist, has rejected marriage as altogether a mistake. It sounds, in short, as though this careful and exciting work has been prepared with a certain saving regard for the common facts of human experience.

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ART UNDER THE SOVIETS

ONE result of the French Revolution — or at least of the Napoleonic régime that followed it — was the accession to French galleries of art treasures from the great collections elsewhere in Europe, particularly in Italy. One result of the American Revolution was the sturdy development of an indigenous school of portrait-painting — a school which, to be sure, might have sprung up without the Declaration of Independence, but which was surely affected profoundly by that document and the events that followed it. Apparently one result of the Russian Revolution has been that treasures formerly accessible only to the ruling classes are now — being naturally common property! — exposed to the view of every workman and shopkeeper who cares to go to the public galleries to see them.

Our authority is the *Morning Post*, — scarcely a Communist organ, — whose Riga correspondent writes that the famous Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad has been imposingly extended by a linking-up with the Winter Palace, and that its collections have been rearranged and even enriched. At the time of the Bolshevist Revolution the contents of the Hermitage had been almost entirely removed for safety, and the gallery stood practically empty until November in 1920, when it was found possible to return to Leningrad the thousand cases in which these treasures had been stored. 'During the interval,' writes this correspondent, 'the committee for the protection of works of art had registered for preservation countless objects saved from the sack of Imperial and other residences. Ample additional space was happily available in the adjoining State rooms of the Winter Palace, and the opportunity was taken to rearrange the enlarged collections.'

The seizure by the State of private collections, such as Count Stroganoff's and Prince Yusupoff's, has considerably enlarged the whole, so that the Early Italian rooms are among the best in Europe, and the examples of French masters are now claimed to be second only to those in the Louvre.

The uniformed attendants, unfortunately, have not been reinstated, and the *Post's* correspondent concludes wryly that their duties are being discharged by a nondescript mixed staff of men and women, not overclean.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Everlasting Man, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

'MR. CHESTERTON'S book is probably the best he has written,' says the *Spectator*, which regards it as sufficiently important to devote a long review to it in two successive issues, and proceeds: —

> It is so rich in good sense, in wit, and in plain, profound, and cheerful truth that almost every page deserves a review to itself. He has no quarrel with the facts of science — who can quarrel with science on a point of observation? — but he has an utter disrespect for the conventional, materialist interpretation of the facts. If anyone has forgotten that man is the image of God, he cannot refresh his memory better than by reading *The Everlasting Man*. If anyone has fallen into the lethargy of mind in which he feels, 'I know that man is inexplicable; but is n't materialism hard to refute?' his doubts will be exorcised for him. Nor is Mr. Chesterton's book only a debating manual; it is also a declaration of faith.

No other reviewer gives the book quite such unconditional approbation, but in general *The Everlasting Man* has had a friendly and even hearty reception. 'When all the author's glib prejudices and hard convictions are discounted,' says Mr. Arthur Waugh, representatively, in the *Daily Telegraph*, 'when the glamour of a strong personality is ruled out of the argument, and criticism gets down to the bedrock of sheer brain and intellect, there still remains in this chivalrous defense of mankind and of Christianity a degree of sincerity, of force, and of mental alacrity which will thoroughly deserve the popularity that most certainly awaits it.' Mr. Waugh's summary is a most careful one: —

> Mr. Chesterton's quest is dual: he seeks to establish the place of man in the universe, and the place of Christianity among the faiths. Like Malvolio, he thinks nobly of the soul, and the doctrine of evolution disgusts him. Human civilization is older than human records, and there is absolutely no trace among the relics of primitive man of any kind of evolution of the mind. This point is very ingeniously made, in Mr. Chesterton's heartiest manner. The biologists, he says, in effect, tell us a great deal about 'the cave man,' who seems to have been a sort of link between the animal race and civilized mankind. They treat us to lurid pictures of marriage by capture, the bride clubbed over the head, the bridegroom savagely victorious.
>
> But where is the historical evidence for this picture? Nowhere at all. As a matter of fact, when science does discover the home of the 'cave man' it finds it decorated with paintings of reindeer and the hunt. This half-animal creature, then, had already developed a sense of art; and where, pray, demands our dialectician, where will you trace a sense of art among animals? Does the monkey, after his long familiarity with mankind in captivity, ever think of scrawling a portrait of his master on the wall? If man were evolved from the monkey, surely there would be some impulse in the monkey to draw and to write. No such impulse exists, and this 'cave man,' so remote, is yet, by his practise of art, so near to us; while our favorites in the ape-house at Regent's Park, while yet so near, are immeasurably remote from us, simply because they lack the first and greatest of all human consolations. 'Art is the signature of man.'
>
> We are to conceive, then, of Man as of something altogether different from the

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animals. He is 'the exception to everything, and the mirror and the measure of all things.' Gradually, as he becomes aware of his sovereignty over nature, he begins to muse upon his mission in the world. How did he come here, and for what purpose was he sent? Some First Cause must have been at work to fashion him. 'He thinks he was not made to die.' The philosopher in him gets to work, studying the mind that made the world. Sometimes the creator of the universe seems like an evil demon, but more often he presents himself to the imagination as a beneficent god, ordering the course of nature upon a moral plan. Then suddenly, in the midst of all this speculation, there bursts upon the world the amazing news that its Maker has visited it in person, and has revealed to His people His meaning and His will. The coming of Christianity 'broke the backbone of history,' but it steadied the world and breathed interpretation into chaos.

Christianity, Mr. Chesterton continues, 'makes nothing but dust and ashes of comparative religion.' Here our champion is brought face to face with his second enemy, and proceeds to dispose of him with the same chivalrous confidence as before. Your Comparative Religionist, he protests, maintains that all religions are equal, because all religious founders were rivals; 'that they were all fighting for the same starry crown. It is quite false.' Mohammed made no such claim, nor did Buddha, nor did Zoroaster. Alone among the religious leaders of the world, Christ claimed divinity, and has now established His claim upon the page of history. The more we study His life, the more we see that it was not like other lives; the more we appreciate that His kingdom was not as the kingdoms of the world. And this fact has been driven home to the conscience of mankind by nearly two thousand years of the spiritual triumph of Christianity. Other thrones and powers have fallen into dust; but the kingdom of Christ goes marching on. In the Dark Ages religion was so closely interwoven with feudalism that no man could imagine himself without a lord; but, when feudalism was torn to rags, the old religion was still fresh. The Renaissance flooded civilization with poetry and painting, but it was to the old religion that the new arts brought their choicest gifts. Under the age of Reason, in the fiery years of Revolution, the faith was supposed to have withered and to have been cast upon the everlasting bonfire. 'Science explained it away; and it was still there. History disinterred it in the past; and it appeared suddenly in the future.' The words of the founder of Christianity are vindicated by the process of the years. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away.' Europe has been turned upside down, not once or twice, since the star first shone over Bethlehem; but the same faith has always emerged from the confusion. It is always a new faith, vital and life-giving. It is not a survival, but a living creature. It has degenerated and died down, but it has always risen again. In the evidence of its own triumphant durability it has made good its claim to superhuman sanction.

The most outspoken disapprobation of the book is that of Mr. J. B. Priestley — not a hypercritical reviewer — in the *Saturday Review*, who finds in it a marked falling off in Mr. Chesterton's dialectical and literary manner: —

> The trouble is that, whoever the Everlasting Man may be, he is certainly not Mr. Chesterton, for he is not the man he was. This is a statement one makes sadly and reluctantly about a writer who is one of the most lovable personalities in modern letters, whose very name has spelled delightful intellectual entertainment to most of us almost as long as we can remember. But a study of this latest volume, not a mere collection of newspaper articles, but a large and ambitious book, has hardened into a certainty what was before only an awful suspicion. . . . Considering its length, it provides us with extraordinarily few things we wish to take away or delightedly to read aloud to some other person in the room with us. There are far too many unnecessary

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words in the book — the result, perhaps, of the bad habit of dictation. It used to be the fashion to compare a book of Mr. Chesterton's to a firework display, but if, let us say, *Orthodoxy* was a firework display, this new book is merely a colorless slow-motion film of a firework display. And that is the trouble. We have no right to grumble if Mr. Chesterton has merely emerged from a brilliant and rather noisy youth into a more sedate middle-age, if he has merely mellowed and grown quieter. There are other, and equally valuable, ways of writing books apart from that employed in *Heretics* and *Orthodoxy* and *Dickens*. But unfortunately Mr. Chesterton has not changed his manner. The firework-display manner, as we may call it, is still there, only now the fireworks, or at least most of them, refuse to go off. The sparkle and life have died out of his style, leaving only the dead framework in some of these recent books. Had Mr. Chesterton adopted an entirely different method of approach to things, grappled with his subjects less exuberantly but more closely, achieved a quieter style, all would have been well; but he has remained faithful to this early manner of his that demands a certain sparkling freshness, exuberance, high spirits, in order to be kept up at all.

Meanwhile, having lost that freshness, the manner is a weariness and a burden, sometimes suggesting the almost hysterical bright prattle of a hostess who is worn out but is determined to keep her guests amused. There are many reasons why he should have lost that freshness, those high spirits. One is the mere passage of time. Another, possibly, is overwork. A third reason is concerned with his outlook and type of mind. He made an astonishingly brilliant and auspicious beginning, springing out on the world, as it were, fully armed; in his capacity as a wise innocent abroad he startled and delighted us by seeing 'those things as fresh which we see as familiar'; his mixed brew of poetry, humor, and philosophy was intoxicating. But he does not seem to have what Bagehot called 'an experiencing nature.' He developed rapidly and then stopped. The last twenty years seem to have added little or nothing to his mind; he appears to have spent his time outside experience, elaborating but seldom improving his old arguments; until there are times when he seems to us to exist no longer in this world at all, but simply in the world of his own opinions. He began, like Macaulay, fully equipped with a very personal, arresting, and amusing style, one of those styles that are so dangerous to imitate. And there are moments now when we cannot help feeling that Mr. Chesterton himself, in spite of the fact that he still has gifts enough to equip two or three ordinary journalists or men of letters, furnishes us with one of the best proofs of the fact that it is a bad style to imitate.

The *Times Literary Supplement*, at the end of a mainly favorable review, sums up its judgment thus: —

> For Mr. Chesterton's perceptions we have admiration and gratitude. He has certainly helped to make vivid to us the facts that man's history on the earth is very wonderful and that some 'professors' are very silly. This is an important service to render, for, at the present time particularly, these are important facts to remember. But his theories so much more than cover his facts that we are left with the suspicion that they would cover an entirely different collection of facts equally well.

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Beckles Willson is a Canadian journalist who has been on the *Daily Mail* as a traveling correspondent, has been a special writer on colonial subjects, and a contributor to reviews and magazines. He served in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1918. He is the author of a *Life and Letters of James Wolfe*, and of *Ypres: The Holy Ground of British Arms*.

Édouard Neron is a member of the Tariff and Commercial Relations Committee of the French Senate.

Achille Mestre is a Professor of Constitutional Law of the Faculté de Droit at the University of Paris.

Franz Thäle tells his own story with sufficient skill to make further information unnecessary.

Sir Arthur Keith is one of the most distinguished physicians and physiologists in England. He is Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, and has been a president of the Royal Anthropological Institute, a member of the Société d'Anthropologie of Paris, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution from 1917 to 1923. He is the author of a number of books on anthropology, anatomy, and physiology.

S. E. Morison has just returned from a three years' sojourn in Oxford, where he went to be the first occupant of the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth chair of American History. Before that time he was a member of the History Department at Harvard University, to which he has now returned. He was American representative on the Baltic Commission at the Peace Conference in 1919. His *Maritime History of Massachusetts* is a book that has all the vivid interest of an imaginative romance.

Probably no living English writer, not even Mr. Kipling, has been so widely read in America as **Sir Hall Caine**, whose knighthood dates from 1918 and was bestowed upon him, not only because of his literary work, but because of his propagandist efforts in behalf of the Allied cause during the war. It is perhaps not so widely known that he is a Justice of the Peace in the Isle of Man, or that he was on familiar terms with the Royal Family of the decade before 1910.

Dominique Bonnaud is himself a well-known *chansonnier*, and was the founder of the *Lune Rousse*, of which he is still a co-director.

COMING EVENTS ABROAD

FEBRUARY 1–7: Grand Winter Sports Week at Mont-Revard; Great Bobsleigh Week at Chamonix.

February 2–4: Cup of the Curling Club of Font-Romeu.

February 2–14: Horse Races on the Napoule Course at Cannes.

February 6: Ice-hockey Match at Gstad; Challenge Cup of the President of the French Republic (in four heats) at Chamonix.

February 6–14: Northern Winter Games at Stockholm and vicinity. These will include a complete programme of winter sports such as skiing, skating, ski-driving, bandy-hockey, curling, ice-trotting, ice-yachting, fancy skating, and horseback jumping. Illuminations in the Stockholm Stadium in the evenings. At the end of the period a dinner will be given for all participants in the new Stockholm City Hall.

February 7: Bobsleighing; Cup of the 'Tam-Tam' Club of Perpignan at Font-Romeu; Ski Races, Championship of the Comminges at Bagnères-de-Luchon.

February 7–13: Jumping Competition on the Mattenschanze at Gstad.

February 7, 14, and 16: Carnivals and Fêtes at Cannes. Masked balls, burlesque-costume competition. Fancy-dress balls at the Cercle Nautique.

February 9: First Battle of Flowers at Menton.

February 13–16: Mardi Gras, Rio de Janeiro.

February 14: First Corso Carnavelesque and 'Corso du Nuit' at Menton.

February 16: Veglione at the Municipal Casino, Menton; Carnival-Corso at Nice.

February 18: Fête for Boys and Girls at Cannes; Second Battle of Flowers on the Promenade des Anglais, Nice.

February 22: Gymkhana on the Ice, Chamonix.

February 25: Second Battle of Flowers at Cannes.

During the month: First International Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Nice.

A General International Exposition of Agricultural Machinery and Tools will take place at the end of January in Paris at the Parc des Expositions, Porte of Versailles.

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